

F A B L E S

BY THE LATE

Mr. G A Y.

~~~~~  
A NEW EDITION.  
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L O N D O N :
PRINTED FOR THE BOOKSELLERS.
1797.

15459. 397*

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INTRODUCTION
TO THE
F A B L E S.

The SHEPHERD *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

~~~~~

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain,  
His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage :  
In summer's heat and winter's cold  
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold.  
His hours in chearful labour flew,  
Nor envy nor ambition knew ;

His

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

His wisdom and his honest fame  
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules  
Of moral life were drawn from schools)  
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,  
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.

Whence is thy learning ! Hath thy toil  
O'er books consum'd thy midnight oil ?  
Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd,  
And the vast sense of *Plato* weigh'd ?  
Hath *Socrates* thy soul refin'd,  
And hast thou fathom'd *Tully's* mind ;  
Or, like the wise *Ulysses* thrown  
By various fates on realms unknown,  
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,  
Their customs, laws and manners weigh'd ?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd,  
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,  
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts  
To read mankind, their laws and arts  
For man is practis'd in disguise,  
He cheats the most discerning eyes ;  
Who by that search shall wiser grow,  
When we ourselves can never know ?  
The little knowledge I have gain'd,  
Was all from simple nature drain'd :

Hence



INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

Hence my life's maxims took their rise,  
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee,  
Awake my soul to industry.  
Who can observe the careful ant,  
And not provide for future want?  
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
With gratitude inflames my mind:  
I mark his true and faithful way,  
And in my service copy *Tray*.  
In constancy and nuptial love  
I learn my duty from the dove.  
The hen, who from the chilly air  
With pious wings protects her care,  
And every fowl that flies at large  
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule  
To shun contempt and ridicule.  
I never with important air  
In conversation overbear;  
Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When men the solemn owl despise?  
My tongue within my lips I reign,  
For who talks much, must talk in vain;  
We from the wordy torrent fly:  
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?

Nor

INTRODUCTION TO THE FABLES.

Nor would I with felonious flight  
By stealth invade my neighbours right;  
Rapacious animals we hate:  
Kites, hawks and wolves deserve their fate.  
Do we not just abhorrence find  
Against the toad and serpent kind?  
But envy, calumny and spite  
Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
Thus every object of creation  
Can furnish hints to contemplation,  
And from the most minute and mean  
A virtuous mind can morals glean.  
Thy fame is just the Sage replies,  
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise;  
Pride often guides the author's pen,  
Books as affected are as men,  
But he who studies nature's laws  
From certain truths his maxims draws,  
And those without our schools, suffice  
To make men moral, good and wise.





TO HIS HIGHNESS  
WILLIAM, DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

---

FABLE I.

*The* LION, TIGER, *and* TRAVELLER.

~~~~~

ACCEPT young Prince, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth:
Learn to condemn all praise betimes;
For flattery's the nurse of crimes;
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
(A virtue never near a throne;)

B

In

In courts such freedom must offend,
 There's none presumes to be a friend,
 To those of your exalted station
 Each courtier is a dedication ;
 Must I too flatter like the rest,
 And turn my morals to a jest ?
 The muse disdains to steal from those,
 Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,
 Or tell you what a nation says ?
 They in your infant bosom trace
 The virtues of your royal race,
 In the fair dawning of your mind
 Discern you gen'rous, mild and kind,
 They see you grieve to hear distress,
 And pant already to redress.
 Go on, the height of good attain,
 Nor let a nation hope in vain.
 For hence we justly may presage,
 The virtues of a riper age,
 True courage shall your bosom fire,
 And future actions own your fire.
 Cowards are cruel ; but the brave
 Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger roaming for his prey,
 Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way.
 The prostrate game a lion spies,
 And on the greedy tyrant flies :
 With mingled roar resounds the wood,
 Their teeth, their claws distil with blood,
 'Till, vanquish'd by the lion's strength,
 The spotted foe extends his length.
 The man besought the shaggy lord,
 And on his knees for life implor'd,
 His life the generous hero gave,
 Together walking to his cave,
 The lion thus bespoke his guest.

What hardy beast shall dare contest
 My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
 And must attest my pow'r and right,
 Forc'd to forego their native home
 My starving slaves at distance roam,
 Within these woods I reign alone,
 The boundless forest is my own ;
 Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood
 Have dy'd the regal den with blood ;
 These carcases on either hand,
 Those bones that whiten all the land
 My former deeds and triumphs tell,
 Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True

True, says the man, the strength I saw,
 Might well the brutal nation awe ;
 But shall a monarch, brave like you,
 Place glory in so false a view ?
 Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
 Be lov'd. Let justice bound your might.
 Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
 Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts ;
 Pirates their pow'r by murders gain,
 Wise kings by love and mercy reign ;
 To me your clemency hath shown
 The virtue worthy of a throne :
 Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,
 Like Heav'n to succour the distressed.

The case is plain, the monarch said ;
 False glory hath my youth mis-led,
 For beasts of prey, a servile train,
 Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
 You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
 Did ever you in courts attend ?
 For all my fawning rogues agree
 That human heroes rule like me.

FABLE II.

The SPANIEL and CAMELION.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
 That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
 Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;
 Indulg'd to disobey command,
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;
 He never knew what learning meant;
 Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
 Were sure to win his lady's heart,
 Each little mischief gain'd him praise;
 How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,
 He ventures forth to take the air,
 He ranges all the meadow round,
 And rolls upon the softest ground,
 When near him a Cameleon seen
 Was scarce distinguish'd from the green,
 Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
 What live with clowns, a genius lost!
 To cities and the court repair,
 A fortune cannot fail thee there;

Preferment shall thy talents crown.
Believe me, friend, I know the town.

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew ;
Like you a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said,
My whisper always met success,
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.
But *Jove* who hates the lyar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days,
And sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature ;
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For *Jove* alone the heart regards,
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine !
With men at least you sup and dine ;
While I condemned to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

FABLE III.

*The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the
FAIRY.*



GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content?
How partial are their doating eyes!
No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The Mother rose and sought her heir;
She saw the Nurse, like one posselt,
With wringing hands and sobbing breast
Sure some disaster has besel.

Speak, Nurse; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame,
Invisible the Fairy came,
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid;
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes as black as sloes?
See here, a shocking awkward creature,
That speaks a fool in every feature.

The woman's blind, the mother cries,
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord!

Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!
No doubt the fairy has been here.

Just as she spoke, a pygmy spright
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light,
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain conceited lye
That we the world with fools supply?
What! give our sprightly race away,
For the dull helpless sons of clay!
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you we doat upon our own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another?
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

FABLE IV.

The EAGLE & Assembly of ANIMALS.

~~~~~

AS *Jupiter's* all-seeing eye,  
Survey'd the world beneath the sky,  
From this small speck of earth were sent  
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;

For

For every thing alive complain'd  
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

*Jove* calls his Eagle. At the word  
Before him stands the royal bird.  
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height  
Downward directs his rapid flight ;  
Then cited ev'ry living thing,  
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise  
These murmurs which offend the skies ;  
Why this disorder? say the cause :  
For just are *Jove's* eternal laws.  
Let each his discontent reveal.  
To you four dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the hound replies,  
On what fleet nerves the greyhound flies !  
While I with weary step and slow  
O'er plains and vales and mountains go ;  
The morning sees my course begun,  
Nor ends it 'till the setting sun.

When (says the greyhound) I pursue,  
My game is lost, or caught in view,  
Beyond my sight the prey's secure :  
The hound is slow but always sure.  
And had I his sagacious scent,  
*Jove* ne'er had heard my discontent.

The

The lion crav'd the fox's art;  
 The fox, the lion's force and heart;  
 The cock implor'd the pigeon's flight,  
 Whose wings were rapid, strong and light;  
 The pigeon strength of wing despis'd,  
 And the cock's matchless valour priz'd:  
 The fishes wish'd to graze the plain,  
 The beasts to skim beneath the main.  
 Thus, envious of another's state,  
 Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of Heav'n cry'd aloud,  
*Jove* bids disperse the murm'ring crowd:  
 The God rejects your idle prayers.  
 Would ye, rebellious mutineers,  
 Entirely change your name and nature,  
 And be the very envied creature!

What, silent all, and none consent!  
 Be happy then and learn content.  
 Nor imitate the restless mind,  
 And proud ambition of mankind.

## FABLE V.

*The WILD BOAR, and the RAM.*

**A** GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,  
 The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd,  
 The patient flock, in silent fright,  
 From far beheld the horrid sight ;  
 A savage Boar who ne'er them stood,  
 Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you,  
 See, see, your murd'rer is in view ;  
 With purple hands and reeking knife  
 He strip'd the skin yet warm with life :  
 Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,  
 The dying bleat of harmless lambs  
 Call for revenge. O stupid race !  
 The Heart that wants revenge is base.

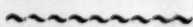
I grant, an ancient ram replies,  
 We bear no terror in our eyes,  
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,  
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame,  
 Insensible of every ill,  
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.

For

Know, Those who violence pursue  
 Give to themselves the vengeance due,  
 For in these massacres they find  
 The two chief plagues that vex mankind.  
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,  
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war,  
 And well revenge may rest contented,  
 Since drums and parchment were invented.



## FABLE VI.

*The MISER and PLUTUS.*

THE wind was high, the window shakes,  
 With sudden start the miser wakes,  
 Along the silent room he stalks,  
 Looks back, and trembling as he walks,  
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,  
 In every creek and corner pries,  
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,  
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.  
 But now with sudden qualms possess'd,  
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast,

By

By conscience stung he wildly stares,  
And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,  
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.  
But virtue's fold. Good Gods, what price  
Can recompence the pangs of vice !  
O bane of good ! seducing cheat !  
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat ?  
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,  
And only left the name behind ;  
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill ;  
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill ;  
Twas gold instructed coward hearts,  
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts !  
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er ?  
Virtue resides on earth no more !

He spoke, and sigh'd, In angry mood  
*Plutus* his God, before him stood :  
The miser trembling lock'd his chest,  
The vision frown'd, and thus addrest,

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant ?  
Each sordid rascal's daily cant :  
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind ?  
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.  
Because my blessings are abus'd,  
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd ?



Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made  
 A cloke to carry on the trade,  
 And power (when lodg'd in their possession)  
 Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.  
 Thus when the villain crams his chest,  
 Gold is the canker of the breast ;  
 'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,  
 And every shocking vice beside.  
 But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,  
 It blesses, like the dew of Heaven,  
 Like Heav'n it hears the orphans cries,  
 And wipes the tears from widow's eyes.  
 Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,  
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay ?  
 Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)  
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

---

FABLE VII.

*The LION, the FOX, and the GEESE.*

---

**A** LION, ti'rd of State-affairs,  
 Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares  
 Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)  
 In peace to pass his latter life.

It

It was proclaim'd : the day was set ;  
 Behold the gen'ral council met.  
 The fox was Viceroy nam'd ; the crowd  
 To the new Regent humbly bow'd :  
 Wolves, bears, and mighty tigers bend,  
 And strive who most shall condescend.  
 He strait assumes a solemn grace,  
 Collects his wisdom in his face,  
 The crowd admire his wit, his sense,  
 Each word hath wit in consequence ;  
 The flatt'rer all his art displays :  
 He who hath power is sure of praise.  
 A fox stept forth before the rest,  
 And thus the servile throng address'd.

How vast his talents born to rule,  
 And train'd in virtue's honest school !  
 What clemency his temper sways !  
 How uncorrupt are all his ways !  
 Beneath his conduct and command  
 Rapine shall cease to waste the land ;  
 His brain hath stratagem and art,  
 Prudence and mercy rule his heart.  
 What blessings must attend the nation,  
 Under this good administration !

He said, A Goose, at distance stood,  
 Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.

Whene'er I hear a knave commend,  
 He bids me shun his worthy friend.  
 What praise, what mighty commendation!  
 But 'twas a fox who spoke th' oration.  
 Foxes this government may prize  
 As gentle, plentiful, and wise;  
 If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain,  
 We geese must feel a tyrants reign.  
 What havock now shall thin our race!  
 When ev'ry petty clerk in place,  
 To prove his taste, and seem polite,  
 Will feed on geese both noon and night.



## FABLE VIII.

*The LADY and the WASP.*

**W**HAT whispers must the beauty bear!  
 What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!  
 Where'er her eyes dispense their charms  
 Impertinence around her swarms.  
 Did not the tender nonsense strike,  
 Contempt and scorn might look dislike,  
 Forbidding airs might thin the place,  
 The slightest flap a fly can chase.

But

But who can drive the num'rous breed?  
 Chase one, another will succeed.  
 Who knows a fool, must know his brother,  
 One fop will recommend another;  
 And with this plague she's rightly curst,  
 Because she listen'd to the first.

As *Doris*, at her toilette's duty  
 Sat meditating on her beauty,  
 She now was pensive now was gay,  
 And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,  
 A giddy wasp around her flies.  
 He now advances; now retires  
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires;  
 Her fan in vain defends her charms,  
 Swift he returns, again alarms,  
 For by repulse he bolder grew,  
 Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good God she cries!  
 Protect me from those teasing flies!  
 Of all the plagues that heav'n hath sent,  
 A wasp is most impertinent.

The hovering insect thus complain'd.  
 Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?  
 Can such offence your anger wake?  
 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.

Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,  
 That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom  
 Made me with strong desire pursue,  
 The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, *Jenny*, *Doris* cries,  
 Nor murder wasps like common flies,  
 For though he's free (to do him right)  
 The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts,  
 Where'er he came the favour boasts.  
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,  
 And shews the sugar on his lips.  
 The hint alarm'd the forward crew,  
 Sure of success away they flew :  
 They share the dainties of the day,  
 Round her with airy music play,  
 And now they flutter, now they rest,  
 Now soar again, and skim her breast.  
 Nor were they banish'd, 'till she found  
 That wasps have stings and felt the wound.

## FABLE IX.

*The BULL and the MASTIFF.*

SEEK you to train your fav'rite boy?  
 Each caution, ev'ry care employ,  
 And ere you venture to confide,  
 Let his preceptor's heart be try'd;  
 Weigh well his manners, life and scope,  
 On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time in peaceful reign,  
 A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,  
 A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,  
 His eye-balls shot indignant fire,  
 He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood.

Spurning the ground the monarch stood,  
 And roar'd aloud. Suspend the fight,  
 In a whole skin, go sleep to night:  
 Or tell me, ere the battle rage,  
 What wrongs provoke thee to engage?  
 Is it ambition fires thy breast,  
 Or avarice that ne'er can rest?  
 From these alone unjustly springs,  
 The world-destroying wrath of Kings.

The



The surly Mastiff thus returns,  
 Within my bosom glory burns.  
 Like heroes of eternal name,  
 Whom poets sing, I fight for fame:  
 The butcher's spirit-stirring mind  
 To daily war my youth inclin'd,  
 He train'd me to heroic deed,  
 Taught me to conquer or to bleed.  
 Curs'd dog, the Bull reply'd, no more  
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore,  
 For thou (beneath a butcher train'd  
 Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,  
 His daily murders in thy view)  
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.  
 Then take thy fate. With goring wound  
 At once he lifts him from the ground,  
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies,  
 Mangled he falls, he howls and dies.



## FABLE X.

*The ELEPHANT and BOOKSELLER.*

**T**HE man, who with undaunted toils,  
 Sails unknown seas to unknown foils  
 With various wonders feasts his sight ;  
 What stranger wonders does he write !  
 We read, and in descriptive view  
 Creatures which *Adam* never knew ;  
 For, when we risk no contradiction,  
 It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.  
 Those things that strike not me or you,  
 I grant are strange ; yet may be true.  
 Who doubts that Elephants are found  
 For science and for sense renown'd ?  
*Borri* records their strength of parts,  
 Extent of thought and skill in arts ;  
 How they perform the law's decrees,  
 And save the state the hangman's fees,  
 And how by travel understand  
 The language of another land,  
 Let those who question this report,  
 To *Pliny's* ancient page resort.

How

How learn'd was that sagacious breed !  
 Who now ( like them ) the *Greek* can read !

As one of these, in days of yore,  
 Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,  
 Not like our modern dealers, minding  
 Only the margin's breadth and binding ;  
 A book his curious eye detains,  
 Where, with exactest care and pains,  
 Were ev'ry beast and bird pourtray'd,  
 That e'er the search of Man survey'd.  
 Their natures and their pow'rs were writ  
 With all the pride of human wit ;  
 The page he with attention spread,  
 And thus remark'd on what he read.

Man with strong reason is endow'd  
 A beast scarce instinct is allow'd :  
 But let his author's word be try'd,  
 'Twas plain that neither was his guide.  
 Can he discern the different natures,  
 And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,  
 Who by the partial work hath shown  
 He knows so little of his own ?  
 How falsely is the spaniel drawn !  
 Did man from him first learn to fawn ;  
 A dog proficient in the trade !  
 He, the chief flatt'rer nature made !

Go, man, the ways of courts discern,  
 You'll find a spaniel still might learn.  
 How can the fox's theft and plunder  
 Provoke his censure, or his wonder ?  
 From courtiers' tricks, and lawyers arts,  
 The fox might well improve his parts.  
 The lion, wolf, and tiger's brood  
 He curses for their thirst of blood ;  
 But is not man to man a prey ?  
 Beasts kill for hunger, man for pay.

The Bookfeller who heard him speak,  
 And saw him turn a page of *Greek*,  
 Thought, what a genius have I found !  
 Then thus address'd with bow profound,

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen  
 Against the senseless sons of men,  
 Or write the history of *Siam*,  
 No man is better pay than I am.  
 Or, since your learn'd in *Greek*, let's see  
 Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,  
 Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk ;  
 E'en keep your money, and be wise ;  
 Leave man on man to criticise,  
 For that you ne'er can want a pen  
 Among the senseless sons of men,

They

They unprovok'd will court the fray,  
 Envy's a sharper spur than pay,  
 No author ever spar'd a brother,  
 Wits are game-cocks to one another.



## FABLE XI.

*The PEACOCK, TURKEY, and GOOSE.*



**I**N beauty faults conspicuous grow,  
 The smallest speck is seen on snow.  
 As near a barn by hunger led,  
 A peacock with the poultry fed ;  
 All view'd him with an envious eye,  
 And mock'd his gaudy pageantry ;  
 He, conscious of superior merit,  
 Contemns their base reviling spirit,  
 His state and dignity assumes,  
 And to the sun displays his plumes,  
 Which like the heaven's o'er arching skies,  
 Are spangled with a thousand eyes ;  
 The circling rays and varied light  
 At once confound their dazzled sight,  
 On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,  
 And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark

Mark, with what insolence and pride  
 The creature takes his haughty stride,  
 The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain ?  
 Sure never bird was half so vain !  
 But were intrinsic merit seen,  
 We Turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,  
 And next was heard the hissing Goose.  
 What hideous legs ! what filthy claws !  
 I scorn to censure little flaws !  
 Then what a horrid squaling throat !  
 Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True, those are faults, the Peacock cries,  
 My scream, my thanks you may despise :  
 But such blind critics rail in vain.  
 What, overlook my radiant train !  
 Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)  
 The turkey or the goose support,  
 And did ye scream with harsher sound  
 Those faults in you had ne'er been found.  
 To all apparent beauties blind,  
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in assemblies have I seen  
 A Nymph of brightest charms and mien  
 Wake envy in each ugly face !  
 And buzzing scandal fill the place.



FABLE XI.  
 CUPID, HYMEN, and PLUTUS.

~~~~~  
AS *Cupid* in *Cytherea's* grove
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love,
 Some shape the bow, or fit the string,
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mold,
 Or heads the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care,
 Thus *Hymen*, with assuming air,
 Addrest the God. Thou purblind chit,
 Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
 If matches are no better made,
 At once I must give up my trade.
 You send me such ill-coupled folks,
 That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes.
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,
 And wonder how they came together.
 The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,
 The wife grows flippant in reply ;
 He loves command and due restriction,
 And she as well likes contradiction ;
 She never slavishly submits,
 She'll have her will, or have her fits ;

He

He this way tugs, she t'other draws,
 The man grows jealous, and with cause,
 Nothing can save him but divorce,
 And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the Boy, had I to do,
 With either your affairs or you ?

I never idly spend my darts ;
 You trade in mercenary hearts :
 For settlements the Lawyers feed ;
 Is my hand witness to the deed ?
 If they like cat and dog agree,
 Go rail at *Plutus*, not at me.

Plutus appear'd and said 'Tis true,
 In marriage, gold is all their view ;
 They seek not beauty, wit or sense,
 And love is seldom the pretence.
 All offer incense at my shrine,
 And I alone the bargain sign.

How can *Belinda* blame her fate ?
 She only begg'd a great estate.
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,
 Her Lord must give her title too !
 And every man, or rich or poor,
 A fortune asks, and asks no more.
 Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
 Must still be coupled with its cares.

FABLE XIII.

The TAME STAG.

AS a young stag the thicket past,
 The branches held his antlers fast,
 A clown, who saw the captive hung,
 Across the horns his halter flung.
 Now safely hamper'd in the cord,
 He bore the present to his lord :
 His lord was pleas'd : as was the clown,
 When he was tipt with half a crown.
 The stag was brought before his wife,
 The tender lady begg'd his life.
 How sleek's the skin : how speck'd like ermine,
 Sure never creature was so charming !

At first within the yard confin'd,
 He flies and hides from all mankind ;
 Now bolder grown, with fixt amaze
 And distant awe presumes to gaze,
 Munches the linen on the lines,
 And on a hood or apron dines ;
 He steals my little master's bread,
 Follows the servants to be fed,

Nearer

Nearer and nearer now he stands,
 To feel the praise of patting hands,
 Examines every fist for meat,
 And though repuls'd disdains retreat,
 Attacks again with levell'd horns,
 And man, with all his terror, scorns.

Such is the country-maiden's fright,
 When first a red coat is in sight.
 Behind the door she hides her face,
 Next time at distance eyes the lace,
 She now can all his terrors stand,
 Nor from his squeeze withdraw her hand ;
 She plays familiar in his arms ;
 And every soldier hath his charms ;
 From tent to tent she spreads her flame ;
 For custom conquers fear and shame.



FABLE XIV.

The MONKEY who had seen the World.

~~~~~

A MONKEY, to reform the times,  
 Resolv'd to visit foreign climes ;  
 For men in distant regions roam  
 To bring politer manners home :  
 So forth he fares, all toil defies :  
 Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid,  
 Poor *Pug* was caught, to town convey'd,  
 There sold ; (How envy'd was his doom.  
 Made captive in a lady's room !)  
 Proud as a lover of his chains,  
 He day by day her favour gains.  
 Whene'er the duty of the day,  
 The toilette calls ; with mimic play  
 He twirls her knot, he cracks her fan,  
 Like any other gentleman.  
 In visits too his parts and wit,  
 When jests grew dull, were sure to hit ;  
 Proud with applause he thought his mind  
 In ev'ry courtly art refin'd,

Like

Like *Orpheus* burnt with public zeal,  
 To civilize the monkey weal,  
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,  
 And fought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,  
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress,  
 Some praise his sleeve, and others glote  
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat  
 His dapper perriwig commending  
 With the black tail behind depending,  
 His powder'd back, above, below,  
 Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow ;  
 But all, with envy and desire,  
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries,  
 I come to make a nation wise ;  
 Weigh your own worth ; support your place,  
 The next in rank to human race.  
 In cities long I pass'd my days,  
 Convers'd with men and learnt their ways,  
 Their dress, their courtly manners see ;  
 Reform your state, and copy me.  
 Seek ye to thrive ? In flatt'ry deal,  
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal :  
 Seem



Seem only to regard your friends,  
 But use them for your private ends.  
 Stint not to truth the flow of wit,  
 Be prompt to lye, whene'er 'tis fit ;  
 Bend all your force to spatter merit ;  
 Scandal is conversation's spirit ;  
 Boldly to ev'ry thing pretend,  
 And men your talents shall commend ;  
 I knew the Great. Observe me right,  
 So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws  
 The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.

Now warm with malice, envy, spite,  
 Their most obliging friends they bite.  
 And fond to copy human ways,  
 Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,  
 With travel finishes the fool,  
 Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,  
 He drinks, games, dresses, whores and swears,  
 O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,  
 For vice is fitted to his parts.

## FABLE XV.

*The PHILOSOPHER & the PHEASANTS.*

THE Sage, awak'd at early day;  
 Thro' the deep forest took his way,  
 Drawn by the music of the groves,  
 Along the winding gloom he roves ;  
 From tree to tree the warbling throats  
 Prolong the sweet alternate notes.  
 But where he pass'd he terror threw.  
 The song broke short, the warblers flew,  
 The thrushes chatter'd with affright,  
 And nightingales abhorr'd his sight ;  
 All animals before him ran  
 To shun the hated sight of man.

Whence is the dread of every creature ;  
 Fly they our figure or our nature ?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,  
 His ear imperfect accents caught ;  
 With cautious steps he nearer drew,  
 By the thick shade conceal'd from view ;  
 High on a branch a Pheasant stood,  
 Around her all the list'ning brood,  
 Proud of the blessings of her nest,  
 She thus a mother's care exprest.

No dangers here shall circumvent,  
 Within the woods enjoy content,  
 Sooner the hawk or vulture trust  
 Than man of animals the worst ;  
 In him ingratitude you find,  
 A vice peculiar to the kind.  
 The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd  
 To guard his health and serve his pride,  
 Forc'd from his fold and native plain,  
 Is in the cruel shambles slain.  
 The swarms who with industrious skill,  
 His hives with wax and honey fill,  
 In vain whole summer days employ'd,  
 Their stores are sold, their race destroy'd  
 What tribute from the goose is paid !  
 Does not her wings all science aid ?  
 Does it not lovers' hearts explain,  
 And drudge to raise the merchant's gain ?  
 What now rewards this general use !  
 He takes the quill and eats the goose.  
 Man then avoid, detest his ways,  
 So safety shall prolong your days.  
 When services are thus acquitted,  
 Be sure we pheasants, must be spitted.

## FABLE XV.

*The PIN and the NEEDLE.*

~~~~~

A PIN who long had serv'd a beauty,
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
 Or giv'n her knot a smarter air,
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd
 Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd,
 But could she partial fortune blame,
 Who saw her lovers serv'd the same ?

At length from all her honours cast,
 Through various turns of life she pass'd ?
 Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm,
 Now rang'd within a miser's coat,
 Contributes to his yearly groat,
 Now rais'd again from low approach,
 She visits in the doctor's coach ;
 Here, there, by various fortunes tost,
 At last in *Gresham* hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
 On every side, above, below,
 She now of this or that enquires,
 What least was understood admires ;

'Tis

'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what this and this, dear fir?

A needle, says the interpreter.

She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone!

Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown;

You better might employ your parts,

And aid the sempstresses in her arts,

But tell me how the friendship grew,

Between that paltry flint and you?

Friend, says the needle, cease to blame:

I follow but real worth and fame.

Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,

That virtue virtues can impart:

Of all his talents I partake,

Who then can such a friend forsake?

'Tis I direct the pilot's hand

To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;

By me the distant world is known,

And either *India* is our own.

Had I with milliner's been bred,

What had I been? the guide of thread,

And rudg'd as vulgar needles do,

Of no more consequence than you.

FABLE

FABLE XVII.

The Shepherd's Dog, and the Wolf.

~~~~~

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,  
 Ravag'd the plains and thinn'd the fold;  
 Deep in the woods secure he lay,  
 The thefts of night regal'd the day.  
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care,  
 Had spread the toils and watch'd the snare,  
 In vain the dog pursu'd his pace,  
 The fleeter robber mock'd the chase.

As *Lightfoot* rang'd the forest round,  
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.  
 Let us awhile the war suspend,  
 And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce, replies the Wolf! 'Tis done.  
 The dog the parley thus begun,

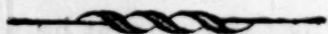
How can that strong intrepid mind  
 Attack a weak defenceless kind,  
 Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
 And drink the boar's and lion's blood;  
 Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,  
 Which coward tyrants never felt;  
 How harmless is our fleecy care!  
 Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

E

Friend



Friend, says the Wolf, that matter weigh  
 Nature design'd us beasts of prey :  
 As such when hunger finds a treat,  
 'Tis necessary wolves should eat.  
 If mindful of the bleating weal,  
 Thy bosom burns with real zeal,  
 Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech,  
 To him repeat the moving speech ;  
 A wolf eats sheep but now and then,  
 Ten thousands are devour'd by men.  
 An open foe may prove a curse,  
 But a pretended friend is worse.



## FABLE XVIII.

*The PAINTER who pleased no Body and  
 every Body.*



**L**EST men suspect your tale untrue,  
 Keep probability in view.  
 The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,  
 The credit of his book confounds ;  
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,  
 Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.

But

But flatt'ry never seems absurd,  
 The flatter'd always take your word,  
 Impossibilities seem just,  
 They take the strongest praise on trust :  
 Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,  
 Will still come short of self-conceit

So very like a painter drew,  
 That ev'ry eye the picture knew ;  
 He hit complexion, feature, air,  
 So just, the life itself was there.  
 No flatt'ry, with his colours laid,  
 To bloom restor'd the fading maid,  
 He gave each muscle all its strength,  
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,  
 His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
 And mark'd the date of age and youth.  
 He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,  
 Truth should not always be reveal'd ;  
 In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
 For no one sent the second pay.  
 Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,  
 A *Venus* and *Apollo's* face,  
 He plac'd in view ! resolv'd to please,  
 Whoever sat, he drew from these,  
 From these collected every feature,  
 And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set, the hour was come,  
 His pallet ready o'er his thumb,  
 My lord appear'd and seated right,  
 In proper attitude and light,  
 The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,  
 Then dip'd his pencil, talk'd of *Greece*,  
 Of *Titian's* tints, of *Guido's* air ;  
 Those eyes my lord, the spirit there  
 Might well a *Raphael's* hand require,  
 To give them all the native fire ;  
 The female fraught with sense and wit  
 You'll grant are very hard to hit,  
 But yet with patience you shall view  
 As much as paint and art can do.

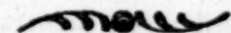
Observe the work. My lord reply'd  
 'Till now I thought my mouth was wide.  
 Besides, my nose is somewhat long,  
 Dear sir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh, pardon me, the artist cry'd,  
 In this we painters must decide.  
 The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,  
 I warrant it extremely like.

My lord examin'd it anew ;  
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.  
 A lady came with borrow'd grace  
 He from his *Venus* form'd her face,

Her

Her lover prais'd the painter's art ;  
 So like the picture in his heart !  
 To ev'ry age some charm he lent,  
 Ev'n beauties were almost content.  
 Through all the town his art they prais'd  
 His custom grew, his price was rais'd.  
 Had he the real likeness shown,  
 Would any man his picture own ?  
 But when thus happily he wrought,  
 Each found the likeness in his thought.



## FABLE XIX.

*The LION and the CUB.*

**H**OW fond are men of rule and place,  
 Who court it from the mean and base ?  
 These cannot bear an equal nigh,  
 But from superior merit fly ;  
 They love the cellar's vulgar joke,  
 And lose their hours in ale and smoke ;  
 There o'er some petty club preside,  
 So poor, so paltry is their pride !  
 Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,  
 In hopes to be supreme in wit.  
 If these can read, to these I write,  
 To set their worth in truest light.

A lion cub of sordid mind,  
 Avoided all the lion kind;  
 Fond of applause, he sought the feasts  
 Of vulgar and ignoble beasts,  
 With asses all his time he spent,  
 Their club's perpetual president.  
 He caught their manners, looks and airs :  
 An ass in every thing but ears.  
 If e'er his highness meant a joke,  
 They grinn'd applause before he spoke :  
 But at each word what shews of praise !  
 Good Gods ! how natural he brays !  
 Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,  
 He seeks his royal fires retreat :  
 Forward, and fond to shew his parts,  
 His highness brays, the Lion starts.

Puppy, that curst vociferation  
 Betrays thy life and conversation ;  
 Coxcombs an ever noisy race,  
 Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe, the cub replies ?  
 Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride, returns the sire,  
 All fools are vain, when fools admire ;  
 But know, what stupid asses prize,  
 Lions and noble beasts despise.

## FABLE XX.

*The OLD HEN and the COCK.*

**R**estrain your child, you'll soon believe  
The text which says, we sprung from *Eve*.

As an old hen led forth her train,  
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain ;  
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground  
And glean'd the spacious yard around.  
A gidly chick to try her wings,  
On the well's narrow margin springs,  
And prone she drops. The mother's breast  
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met : her son she knew ;  
And in her heart affection grew.  
My son, says she, I grant your years  
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares ;  
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold,  
I hear with joy your triumphs told ;  
'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread ;  
But let thy ever wary tread  
Avoid yon well ; that fatal place  
Is sure perdition to our race.  
Print this my counsel on thy breast ;  
To the just Gods I leave the rest.

He



He thank'd her care ; yet day by day  
 His bosom burn'd to disobey.  
 And every time the well he saw,  
 Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law ;  
 Near and more near each day he drew,  
 And long'd to try the dang'rous view.  
 Why was this idle charge ? he cries :  
 Let courage female fears despise.  
 Or did she doubt my heart was brave,  
 And therefore this injunction gave ?  
 Or does her harvest store the place,  
 A treasure for her younger race ?  
 And would she thus my search prevent ?  
 I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said, he mounts' the margin's round,  
 And pries into the depth profound.  
 He stretch'd his neck, and from below  
 With stretching neck advanc'd a foe ;  
 With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears ;  
 The foe with ruffled plumes appears ;  
 Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew,  
 Headlong to meet the war he flew ;  
 But when the wat'ry death he found,  
 He thus lamented, as he drown'd.

I ne'er had been in this condition  
 But for my mother's prohibition.

## FABLE XXI.

*The RAT-CATCHER and CATS.*

~~~~~

THE rats by night such mischiefs did,
Betty was every morning chid :
 They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,
 Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken,
 Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
 Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
 She curst the cat for want of duty,
 Who left her foes a constant booty.

An Engineer, of noted skill,
 Engag'd to stop the growing ill,
 From room to room he now surveys
 Their haunts, their works, their secret ways ;
 Finds where they 'scape an ambushade,
 And whence the nightly fally's made.

An envious Cat from place to place,
 Unseen, attends his silent pace,
 She saw that if his trade went on,
 The purring race must be undone,
 So, secretly removes his baits,
 And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
 And pufs again the labour foils.

What

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
 My schemes thus nightly countermines?
 Incens'd, he cries ; this very hour
 The wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r.

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,
 And in the fast poor puss was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made
 A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive Cat with piteous mews,
 For pardon life and freedom sues.
 A sister of the science spare,
 One int'rest is our common care.

What insolence ! the man reply'd,
 Shall cats with us the game divide ?
 Were all your interloping band
 Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,
 We rat-catchers might raise our fees,
 Sole guardians of a nations cheese !

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,
 Thus spoke and sav'd her sister's life,

In ev'ry age and clime we see
 Two of a trade can ne'er agree.
 Each hates his neighbour for encroaching ;
 'Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching ;
 Beauties with beauties are in arms,
 And scandal pelts each other's charms ;

Kings

Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,
 In hopes to make the world their own.
 But let us limit our desires,
 Nor war like beauties, kings and squires,
 For though we both one prey pursue,
 There's game enough for us and you.

FABLE XXII.

The GOAT without a Beard.

'TIS certain that the modish passions
 Descend among the crowd like fashions.
 Excuse me then ; if pride, conceit,
 (The manners of the fair and great)
 I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,
 Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies and hogs.
 I say that these are proud. What then?
 I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as goat can be)
 Affected singularity :
 Whene'er a thymy bank he found,
 He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,
 And then with fond attention stood,
 Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowly beard he cries ;
 My youth is lost in this disguise,
 Did not the females know my vigour,
 Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,
 He sought the barber of the place.
 A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,
 Hard by, profess the dapper art,
 His pole with pewter basons hung,
 Black rotten teeth in order strung,
 Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,
 Lined with red rags, to look like blood,
 Did well his three-fold trade explain,
 Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,
 And seats him in the wooden chair,
 Mouth, nose and cheek the lather hides,
 Light, smooth and swift the razor glides.

I hope your custom, Sir, says Pug.
 Sure never face was half so snug !

The Goat impatient for applause,
 Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws ;
 The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.

Heighday ! what's here ? without a beard !
 Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?
 What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?

When

When thus the fop with smiles of scorn,
 Are beards by civil nations worn?
 Ev'n *Muscovites* have mow'd their chins,
 Shall we like formal *Capuchins*
 Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,
 And bear about the hairy load?
 Whene'er we through the village stray,
 Are we not mock'd along the way,
 Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,
 By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,
 Brother I grant you reason well,
 Replies a bearded chief. Beside,
 If boys can mortify thy pride,
 How wilt thou stand the ridicule
 Of our whole flock! affected fool!
 Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,
 To all but coxcombs are a jest.



FABLE XXIII.

The old WOMAN and her CATS.

~~~~~

**W**H<sup>O</sup> friendship with a knave hath made  
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

The matron who conducts abroad  
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd ;  
And if a modest girl be seen,  
With one who cures a lovers spleen,  
We guess her not extremely nice,  
And only wish to know her price.  
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends  
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,  
Beside a little smoaky flame  
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost  
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins embost,  
Upon her knees her weight sustains,  
While palsy shook her crazy brains ;  
She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,  
An untam'd scold of fourscore years,  
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood  
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.  
Teaz'd with their cries her choler grew,  
And thus she sputter'd. Hence, ye crew,  
Fool

Fool that I was, to entertain  
 Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train !  
 Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,  
 I, for a witch had ne'er been curst.  
 To you I owe, that crowds of boys  
 Worry me with eternal noise ;  
 Straws laid across my pace retard ;  
 The horse-shoes nail'd each thresholds guard,  
 The fluted broom the wenches hide  
 For fear that I should up and ride ;  
 They stick with pins my bleeding seat,  
 And bid me show my secret teat.

To hear you prate would vex a saint,  
 Who hath most reason of complaint ?

Replies a Cat. Lets come to proof,  
 Had we ne'er been starv'd beneath your roof,  
 We had, like others of our race,  
 In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.  
 'Tis infamy to serve a hag ;  
 Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag ;  
 And boys against our lives combine,  
 Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine.

## FABLE XXIV.

*The BUTTERFLY and the SNAIL.*

ALL upstarts, insolent in place,  
 Remind us of their vulgar race.  
 As in the sun-shine of the morn,  
 A butterfly (but newly born)  
 Sat proudly perking on a rose;  
 With pert conceit his bosom glows,  
 His wings (all glorious to behold)  
 Bedropt with azure, jet and gold,  
 Wide he displays; the spangled dew  
 Reflects his eyes with various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a snail,  
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail  
 Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,  
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries;

What means yon peasant's daily toil,  
 From choaking weeds to rid the soil?  
 Why wake you to the morning's care?  
 Why with new arts correct the year?  
 Why glows the peach with crimson hue?  
 And why the plumb's inviting blue?  
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,  
 That vermin of voracious kind?

Crush

Crush then the slow the pilf'ring race,  
So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance ! the snail reply'd ;  
How insolent is upstart pride !  
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,  
Provok'd my patience to complain ;  
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,  
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.  
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,  
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,  
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,  
In base, in sordid guise array'd ;  
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,  
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train,  
And from your spider bowels drew  
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.  
I own my humble life, good friend ;  
Snail I was born, and snail shall end.  
And what's a butterfly ! at best  
She's but a caterpillar drest ;  
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)  
Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

## FABLE XXV.

*The SCOLD and the PARROT.*

**T**HE husband thus reprov'd his wife,  
 Who deals in slander, lives in strife.  
 Art thou the herald of disgrace,  
 Denouncing war to all thy race?  
 Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,  
 Which spares not friend, nor sex nor age?  
 That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,  
 Alarms our neighbours far and near;  
 Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,  
 That murmur'ing flows, and flows forever!  
 Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!  
 Like fame, it gathers strength by going.  
 Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,  
 How solemn is the fool! how wise!  
 Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?  
 Nay, frown not; for I will be heard,  
 Women of late are finely ridden,  
 A parrot's priviledge forbidden!  
 You praise his talk, his squalling song,  
 But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputations flew in pieces  
 Of mothers, daughters, aunts and nieces,

She

She ran the parrot's language o'er ;  
 Bawd, huffy, drunkard, flattern, whore,  
 On all her sex she vents her fury,  
 Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words  
 Alarms cat, monkey, dogs and birds ;  
 All join their forces to confound her,  
 Puffs spits, the monkey chatters round her ;  
 The yelping cur her heels assauls,  
 The magpie blabs out all her faults ;  
*Poll*, in the uproar from his cage,  
 With his rebuke out scream'd her rage.

A parrot is for talking priz'd,  
 Bur prattling women are despis'd ;  
 She, who attacks another's honour,  
 Draws ev'ry living thing upon her ;  
 Think, madam, when you stretch your lungs  
 That all your neighbours too have tongues ;  
 One slander must ten thousand get,  
 The world with int'rest pays the debt.



## FABLE XXVI.

*The CUR and the MASTIFF.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,  
 Rewarded for his daily lye,  
 With secret jealousies and fears,  
 Set altogether by the ears.  
 Poor puss to-day was in disgrace,  
 Another cat supply'd her place;  
 The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,  
 The monkey was the room forbid,  
 Each to his dearest friend grew shy,  
 And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid;  
 The thief with love seduc'd the maid,  
 Cajol'd the Cur, and stroak'd his head,  
 And bought his secrecy with bread.  
 He next the mastiff's honour try'd,  
 Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;  
 He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;  
 The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation  
 The master took his information,  
 Hang him, the villain's curst, he cries,  
 And round his neck the halter ties.

The

The dog his humble suit preferr'd,  
 And begg'd in justice to be heard.  
 The master sat. On either hand  
 The cited dogs confronting stand;  
 The cur the bloody tale relates,  
 And like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,  
 But weigh the cause on either side,  
 Think not that treach'ry can be just,  
 Take not informer's words on trust;  
 They ope their hand to ev'ry pay;  
 And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd,  
 The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

---

FABLE XXVII.

*The SICK MAN and the ANGEL.*

~~~~~

IS there no hope? the sick man said.
 The silent doctor shook his head,
 And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
 Despairing of his fee tomorrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath,
 I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since

Since I must bid the world adieu,
 Let me my former life review.
 I grant my bargains well were made,
 But all men over-reach in trade;
 'Tis self defence in each profession.
 Such self-defence is no transgression.
 The little portion in my hands,
 By good security on lands,
 Is well increas'd. If unawares,
 My justice to myself and heirs,
 Hath let my debtor rot in gaol,
 For want of good sufficient bail;
 If I by writ, or bond or deed
 Reduc'd a family to need,
 My will hath made the world amends;
 My hope on charity depends.
 When I am number'd with the dead,
 And all my pious gifts are read,
 By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known
 My charities are amply shown.

An angel came. Ah friend, he cry'd,
 No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
 Can thy good deeds in former times
 Outweigh the ballance of thy crimes?
 What widow or what orphan prays
 To crown thy life with length of days?

A pious action's in thy power,
 Embrace with joy the happy hour;
 Now, while you draw the vital air,
 Prove your intention is sincere;
 This instant give a hundred pound,
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such waste, the sick man whines
 Who knows as yet what heav'n designs?
 Perhaps I may recover still,
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the vision, now 'tis plain,
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain,
 From every side, with all your might,
 You scrap'd and scrap'd beyond your right.
 And after death would fain atone,
 By giving that is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope he cry'd;
 Then why such haste, so groan'd and dy'd.



FABLE XXVIII.

The PERSIAN, the SUN, & the CLOUD.

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
 Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
 When envy reads the nervous lines,
 She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines,
 Her hissing snakes with venom swell,
 She calls her venal train from hell,
 The servile fiends her nod obey,
 And all Curl's authors are in pay,
 Fame calls up calumny and spite,
 Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day
 With heart devout a *Persian* lay;
 His invocation thus begun.

Parent of light, all-seeing sun,
 Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
 The various gifts of Providence,
 Accept our praise, our daily prayer,
 Smile on our fields and bless the year.

A cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue
 The day with sudden darkness hung,
 With pride and envy swell'd, aloud
 A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud.

Weak is the gaudy God of thine,
 Whom I at will forbid to shine ;
 Shall I no vows nor incense know ?
 Where praise is due, the praise bestow.
 With fervent zeal the *Persian* mov'd
 The proud calumny thus reprov'd.

It was that God who claims my prayer,
 Who gave thee birth and rais'd thee there :
 When o'er his beams the veil is thrown
 Thy substance is but plainer shown.
 A passing gale, a puff of wind
 Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose : the vapour tost
 (The sport of winds) in air was lost ;
 The glorious orb the day refines,
 Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.



FABLE XXIX.

The Fox at the Point of Death.

~~~~~

A FOX, in life's extreme decay,  
 Weak, sick and faint expiring lay;  
 All appetite hath left his maw,  
 And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.  
 His num'rous race around him stand  
 To learn their dying fire's command:  
 He rais'd his head with whining moan,  
 And thus was heard the feeble tone.

Ah sons, from evil ways depart,  
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart.  
 See, see, the murder'd geese appear!  
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there?  
 Why all around this cackling train,  
 Why haunt my ears for chicken slain?

The hungry foxes round them star'd,  
 And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir is all this dainty cheer?  
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here:  
 These are the phantoms of your brain,  
 And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O glut-

O gluttons, says the drooping fire,  
 Refrain inordinate desire :

Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,  
 When peace of conscience is no more.

Does not the hound betray our pace,  
 And gins and guns destroy our race ?  
 Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,  
 And never feel the quiet hour.

Old age, (which few of us shall know)

Now puts a period to my woe.

Would you true happiness attain,

Let honesty your passions reign ;

So live in credit and esteem,

And the good-name you lost redeem.

The counsel's good, a fox replies,

Could we perform what you advise.

Think what our ancestors have done ;

A line of thieves from son to son ;

To us descends the low disgrace,

And infamy hath mark'd our race.

Though we like harmless sheep should feed,

Honest in thought, in word and deed,

Whatever henroost is decreas'd,

We shall be thought to share the feast.

The change shall never be believ'd,

A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.

Nay then, replies the feeble fox.  
 (But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks)  
 Go, but be moderate in your food;  
 A chicken too might do me good.

---

FABLE XXX.

*The* SETTING-DOG & PARTRIDGE.

---

**T**HE ranging dog, the stubble tries,  
 And searches every breeze that flies :  
 The scent grows warm ; with cautious fear  
 He creeps and points the covey near.  
 The men, in silence, far behind,  
 Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,  
 The fraudulent preparation spies,  
 She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,  
 The covey springs and seeks the wood :  
 But ere her certain wing she tries,  
 Thus to the creeping spaniel cries.

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,  
 Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,

Of

Of thy whole species the disgrace,  
 Dogs should disown thee of their race !  
 For if I judge their native parts,  
 They're born with honest open hearts ;  
 And ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,  
 Were gen'rous foes or real friends.

When thus the dog with scornful smile,  
 Secure of wing thou dar'st revile.  
 Clowns are to polish'd manners blind ;  
 How ign'rant is the rustic mind !  
 My worth sagacious courtiers see,  
 And to preferment rise like me.  
 The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,  
 Hath oft enchanc'd a nation's debts ?  
 Friend sets his friend without regard ;  
 And ministers his skill reward.  
 Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,  
 And growing favours feast my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,  
 The place where you was train'd and fed ;  
 Servants are apt, and in a trice  
 Ape to a hair their master's vice.  
 You came from court you say, Adieu,  
 She said, and to the covey flew.

## FABLE XXXI.

*The* UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

**A** RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,  
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd;  
 Disease his tainted blood assails,  
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails,  
 With secret ills at home he pines,  
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

As twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,  
 And raves, and prays, and swears by fits,  
 A ghastly phantom, lean and wan  
 Before him rose, and thus began.

My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear,  
 Attend, and be advis'd by care.  
 Nor love, nor honour, wealth and pow'r  
 Can give the heart a chearful hour,  
 When health is lost. Be timely wise:  
 With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears.  
 The wary counsel wak'd his fears;  
 He now from all excess abstains,  
 With physic purifies his veins;  
 And to procure a sober life,  
 Resolves to venture on a wife.

But

But now again the spright ascends,  
 Where'er he walks his ear attends,  
 Insinuates that beauty's frail,  
 That perseverance must prevail,  
 With jealousies his brain inflames,  
 And whispers all her lover's names ;  
 In other hours she represents  
 His household charge, his annual rents,  
 Increasing debts, perplexing duns,  
 And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,  
 And with the thirst of lucre burns ;  
 But when posselt of fortune's store,  
 The spectre haunts him more and more,  
 Sets want and misery in view,  
 Bold thieves and all the murd'ring crew,  
 Alarms him with eternal frights,  
 Infests his dreams, or wakes his nights.

How shall he chase this hideous guest ?  
 Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest ;  
 To pow'r he rose. Again the spright  
 Besets him morning, noon and night,  
 Talk'd of ambition's tott'ring seat,  
 How envy persecutes the great,  
 Of rival hate of treach'rous friends,  
 And what disgrace his fall attends.

The

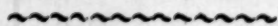


The court he quits to fly from Care,  
 And seeks the peace of rural air ;  
 His groves, his fields amus'd his hours,  
 He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flowers ;  
 But Care again his steps pursues,  
 Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,  
 Of plund'ring insects, snails and rains,  
 Of droughts that starve the labour'd plains.  
 Abroad, at home, the spectre's there ;  
 In vain we strive to fly from Care.

At length he thus the ghost address'd,  
 Since thou must be my constant guest,  
 Be kind, and follow me no more.  
 For Care by right should go before.



## FABLE XXXII.

*The Two OWLS and the SPARROW.*

**T**WO formal Owls together sat,  
 Conferring thus in solemn chat.  
 How is the modern taste decay'd !  
 Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?  
 Our worth the *Grecian* sages knew.  
 They gave our fires the honour due,  
 They

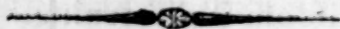
They weigh'd the dignity of fools,  
 And pry'd into the depth of owls.  
*Athen's* the seat of learned fame,  
 With gen'ral voice rever'd our name.  
 On merit, title was conferr'd,  
 And all ador'd th' *Athenian* bird.  
 Brother, you reason well, replies  
 The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes ;  
 Right. *ATHENS* was the seat of learning,  
 And truly wisdom is discerning.  
 Besides, on *Pallas'* helm we sit,  
 The type and ornament of wit :  
 But now, alas ! we're quite neglected,  
 And a pert sparrow's more respected.

A sparrow who was lodg'd beside,  
 O'erhears them soothe each other's pride ;  
 And thus he nimbly vents his heat.

Who meets a fool must find conceit.  
 I grant, were you at *ATHENS* grac'd,  
 And on *Minerva's* head was plac'd,  
 But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,  
 Except an Owl, can tell you why.  
 From hence they taught their schools to know,  
 How false we judge by outward show,  
 That we should ne'er by looks esteem,  
 Since fools as wise as you might seem.

Would

'Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,  
 Let your vain-glory be destroy'd,  
 Humble your arrogance of thought,  
 Pursue the way by nature taught,  
 So shall you find delicious fare,  
 And grateful farmers praise your care,  
 So shall sleek mice your chase reward,  
 And no keen cat find more regard,



## FABLE XXXIII.

*The* COURTIER *and* PROTEUS.

**W**HENE'ER a courtier's out of place,  
 The country shelters his disgrace ?  
 Where, doom'd to exercise and health,  
 His house and gardens own his wealth.  
 He builds new schemes in hopes to gain  
 The plunder of another reign ;  
 Like *Philip's* son would fain be doing,  
 And fights for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)  
 Pensive, along the winding strand

Employ'd

Employ'd the solitary hour  
 In projects to regain his power ;  
 The waves in spreading circles ran,  
*Proteus*, arose, and thus began.

Came you from Court ? for in your mein  
 A self important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,  
 And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill  
 I change to every shape at will ;  
 But yet, I'm told, at court you see  
 Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said. A snake, with hideous trail,  
*Proteus* extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,  
 All courtiers are of reptile race.  
 Like you they take that dreadful form,  
 Bask in the sun, and fly the storm ;  
 With malice hiss, with envy glote,  
 And for convenience change their coat,  
 With new got lustre rear their head,  
 Tho' on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion stands,  
 He shakes his mane he spurns the sands ;  
 Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,  
 A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had

Had I ne'er liv'd at court he cries,  
 Such transformation might surprize ;  
 But there in quest of daily game,  
 Each able courtier acts the same.  
 Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,  
 Their friends and fellows are their chace ;  
 They play the bear's and fox's part,  
 Now rob by force, now steal with art ;  
 They sometimes in the senate bray ;  
 Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,  
 Down from the lion to the ape,  
 Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said. Upon the God he flies,  
 In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, *Proteus*, now (to truth compell'd)  
 Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.  
 Use strength, surprize or what you will,  
 The courtier finds evasions still ;  
 Not to be bound by any ties,  
 And never forc'd to leave his lies.



## FABLE XXXIV.

*The MASTIFFS.*

**T**HOSE, who in quarrels interpose,  
 Must often wipe a bloody nose.  
 A Mastiff of true *English* blood,  
 Lov'd fighting better than his food,  
 When dogs were snarling for a bone,  
 He long'd to make the war his own,  
 And often found (when two contend)  
 To interpose obtain'd his end:  
 He glory'd in his limping pace,  
 The scars of honour seam'd his face,  
 In every limb a gash appears,  
 And frequent fights retrench'd his ears,  
 As on a time, he heard from far  
 Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,  
 Away he scours and lays about him,  
 Resolv'd no fray should be without him.  
 Forth from his yard a tanner flies,  
 And to the bold intruder cries.

A cudgel shall correct your manners :  
 Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners,  
H
While



While on my dog you vent your spite?  
Sirrah, 'tis me you dare not bite.

To see the battle thus perplexed,  
With equal rage a butcher vext,  
Hoarse screaming from the circled croud,  
To the curst Mastiff cries aloud.

Both *Hockly-Hole* and *Mary-Bone*  
The combats of my dog have known;  
He ne'er like bullies coward-hearted,  
Attacks in public, to be parted;  
Think not rash fool, to share his fame,  
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore and rav'd like thunder,  
Then dragg'd their fasten'd dogs asunder,  
While clubs and sticks from every side,  
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,  
A-while the parted warriors stood,  
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;  
Who worried, howl'd and sprawl'd below:  
He rose; and limping from the fray,  
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

## FABLE XXXV.

*The BARLEY-MOW and DUNGHILL.*

**H**OW many saucy airs we meet  
 From *Temple-Bar* to *Aldgate-street* ;  
 Proud rogues who shar'd the *South-Sea* prey,  
 And sprung like mushrooms in a day !  
 They think it mean to condescend  
 To know a brother or a friend ;  
 They blush to hear their mother's name.  
 And by their pride expose their shame.

As crows his yard at early day,  
 A careful farmer took his way,  
 He stop'd, and leaning on his fork,  
 Observ'd the flail's incessant work ;  
 In thought he measur'd all his store,  
 His geese he number'd o'er and o'er,  
 In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,  
 And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow which stood beside,  
 Thus to its musing master cry'd.  
 Say, good Sir, is it fit or right  
 To treat me with neglect and slight ?

Me, who contributes to your cheer,  
 And raise your mirth with ale and beer !  
 Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,  
 And that vile dunghill near me plac'd ?  
 Are those poor sweepings of a groom,  
 That filthy sight, that nauseous fume  
 Meet objects here ? Command it hence ;  
 A thing so mean must give offence.  
 The humble Dunghill thus reply'd,  
 Thy master hears and mocks thy pride,  
 Insult not thus the meek and low,  
 In me thy benefactor know ;  
 My warm assistance gave thee birth,  
 Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth ;  
 But upstarts, to support their station,  
 Cancel at once all obligation.

---

FABLE XXXVI.

PYTHAGORAS & *the* COUNTRYMAN.

~~~~~

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,
 By soaring meditation drawn,
 To breathe the fragrance of the day,
 Through flow'ry fields he took his way

In

In musing contemplation warm,
 His steps misl'd him to a farm,
 Where, on the ladder's topmost round
 A Peasant stood; the hammer's sound
 Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what car'
 Calls for thy honest labour there?

The clown with surly voice replies,
 Vengeance aloud for justice cries;
 This kite, by daily rapine fed
 My hen's annoy, my turkey's dread,
 At length his forfeit life hath paid;
 See on the wall his wings display'd.
 Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
 My fowls shall future safety find,
 My yard the thriving poultry feed,
 And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
 For public good the murd'rer dies;
 But if these tyrants of the air,
 Demand a sentence so severe,
 Think how the glutton man devours;
 What bloody feasts regale his hours!
 O impotence of pow'r and might,
 Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
 When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
 Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold, cry'd the clown, with passion heated,
 Shall kites and men alike be treated?
 When Heaven the world with creatures stor'd,
 Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the sage reply'd,
 Whose murders spring from pow'r and pride,
 Own then this manlike kite is slain,
 Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;
 For * *petty rogues submit to fate.*
That great ones may enjoy their state.

* GARTH's Dispensary.

FABLE XXXVII.

The FARMER'S WIFE and the RAVEN.

[head?
WHY are those tears? why droop your
 Is then your other husband dead?
 Or does a worse disgrace betide?
 Hath no one since his death apply'd?
 Alas! you know the cause too well,
 The salt is spilt, to me it sell,

Then

Then to contribute to my loss,
 My knife and fork were laid across,
 On *Friday* too ! the day I dread !
 Would I were safe at home in bed !
 Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
 Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
 Next post some fatal news shall tell,
 God send my *Cornish* friends be well !
 Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
 Nor feel affliction in thy fears ;
 Let not thy stomach be suspended,
 Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended,
 And when the butler clears the table
 For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panier's load
 A farmer's wife to market rode,
 And, jogging on with thoughtful care,
 Summ'd up the profits of her ware ;
 When, starting from her silver dream
 Thus far and wide was heard her scream.
 That raven on yon left-hand oak
 (Curse on his ill-betiding croak)
 Bodes me no good. No more she said
 When poor blind *Ball* with stumbling tread
 Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the panier lay,
 And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
 Rail'd swore and curs'd. Thou croaking toad,
 A murrain take thy whoreson throat !
 I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the raven, spare your oaths
 Unclench your fists, and wipe your cloaths.
 But why on me those curses thrown ?

Goody, the fault was all your own ;
 For had you laid this brittle ware
 On *Dun*, the old sure-footed mare,
 Though all the Ravens of the *Hundred*
 With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd.
 Sure-footed *Dun* had kept her legs,
 And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

FABLE XXXVIII.

The TURKEY and the ANT.

IN other Men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye,
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey tir'd of common food,
 Forsook the barn and fought the wood,
 Behind her ran her infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries
 This hill delicious fare supplies ;
 Behold, the busy *Negroe* race,
 See, millions blacken all the place ;
 Fear not. Like me with freedom eat ;
 An ant is most delightful meat.
 How blest, how envy'd were our life,
 Could we but 'scape the poult'rer's knife
 But man, curst man on turkeys preys,
 And *Christmas* shortens all our days ;
 Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the fav'ry chine.
 From the low peasant to the lord,
 The turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
 Sure men for gluttony are curst,
 Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
 Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech,
 Ere you remark another's sin
 Bid thy own conscience look within.
 Controul thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

FABLE XXXIX.

The FATHER and JUPITER.

THE man to *Jove* his suit preferr'd;
 He begg'd a wife; his prayer was heard,
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing,
 For how precarious is the blessing!

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
 Again he worries heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
 And a fine girl reward his joys.
 Now more solicitous he grew,
 And set their future lives in view;
 He saw that all respect and duty
 Were paid to wealth, to pow'r and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my prayer.
 Make my lov'd progeny thy care:
 Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
 All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
 My next with strong ambition fire,
 May favour teach him to aspire,
 'Till he the step of power ascend,
 And courtiers to their idol bend.

With

With ev'ry grace, with every charm,
 My daughter's perfect features arm.
 If Heav'n approve, a father's blest,
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.
 The first, a miser at the Heart,
 Studious of ev'ry griping art,
 Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
 And all his life devotes to gain.
 He feels no joy, his cares increase,
 He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace,
 In fancy'd want, (a wretch complete)
 He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew,
 The thriving art of courts he knew;
 He reach'd the height of power and place,
 Then fell the victim of disgrace.
 Beauty with early bloom supplies
 His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes;
 The vain coquette each suit disdains,
 And glories in her lover's pains.
 With age she fades, each lover flies,
 Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When *Jove* the father's grief survey'd,
 And heard him Heav'n and fate upbraid,
 Thus spoke the God. By outward show
 Men judge of happiness and woe;

Shall

Shall ignorance of good and ill
 Dare to direct th' eternal will?
 Seek virtue ; and of that possess,
 To Providence resign the rest.

FABLE XL.

The two MONKEYS.

~~~~~

THE learned full of inward pride ;  
 The fops of outward show deride.  
 The fop sets learning at defiance,  
 Scoffs at the pedant and the science ;  
 The *Don*, a formal, solemn strutter,  
 Despises *Monsieur's* airs and flutter ;  
 While *Monsieur* mocks the formal fool,  
 Who looks and speaks, and walks by rule.  
*Britain*, a medley of the twain,  
 As pert as *France*, as grave as *Spain*,  
 In fancy wiser than the rest,  
 Laughs at them both, of both the jest.  
 Is not the poet's chiming close  
 Censur'd by all the sons of prose?

While

While bards of quick imagination  
 Despise the sleepy prose narration.  
 Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;  
 For what are we but apes to them!  
 Two Monkeys went to SOUTHWARK fair,  
 No critics had a sourer air,  
 They forc'd their way thro' draggled folks,  
 Who gap'd to catch *Jack Pudding's* jokes,  
 Then took their tickets for the show,  
 And got by chance the foremost row.  
 To see their grave observing face,  
 Provok'd a laugh thro' all the place.  
 Brother, says pug, and turn'd his head,  
 The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.  
 Now through the booth loud hisses ran;  
 Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,  
 With sommersets he shakes the ground;  
 The cord beneath the dancer springs;  
 Aloft in air the vaulter swings;  
 Distorted now, now prone depends,  
 Now through his twisted arm ascends;  
 The croud, in wonder and delight,  
 With clapping hands applaud the fight.  
 With smiles, quoth pug; if pranks like these  
 The giant apes of reason please,



How would they wonder at our arts!  
 They must adore us for our parts.  
 High on the twig I've seen you cling,  
 Play, twist and turn in airy ring;  
 How can those clumsy things, like me,  
 Fly with a bound from tree to tree?  
 But yet by this applause we find  
 These emulators of our kind  
 Discern our worth, our parts regard,  
 Who our mean mimicks thus reward.

Brother the grinning mate replies,  
 In this I grant that man is wise,  
 While good example they pursue,  
 We must allow some praise is due;  
 But when they strain beyond their guide,  
 I laugh to scorn the mimic pride.  
 For how fantastic is the sight,  
 To meet men always bolt upright,  
 Because we sometimes walk on two!  
 I hate the imitating crew.



## FABLE XLI.

*The OWL and the FARMER.*

**A**N Owl of grave deport and mein,  
 Who (like the TURK) was seldom seen,  
 Within a barn had chose his station,  
 As fit for prey and contemplation :  
 Upon a beam aloft he sits,  
 And nods, and seems to think by fits.  
 So have I seen a man of news  
 Or *Post-boy*, or *Gazette* peruse,  
 Smoke, nod and talk with voice profound,  
 And fix the fate of *Europe* round.  
 Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor :  
 At dawn of morn to view his store  
 The farmer came. The hooting guest  
 His self-importance thus exprest.

Reason in man is mere pretence :  
 How weak how shallow is his sense  
 To treat with scorn the bird of night,  
 Declares his folly or his spite :  
 Then too, how partial is his praise !  
 The lark's, the linnets chirping lays

To his ill-judging ears are fine :  
 And nightingales are all divine.  
 But the more knowing feather'd race  
 See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.  
 When'er to visit light I deign,  
 What flocks of fowl compose my train !  
 Like slaves, they croud my flight behind,  
 And own me of superior kind.

The farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd.  
 Thou dull important lump of pride,  
 Dar'st thou with that harsh grating tongue  
 Depreciate birds of warbling song ?  
 Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl  
 Regard thee, as thou art an owl.  
 Besides proud blockhead, be not vain  
 Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.  
 Few follow wisdom or her rules,  
 Fools in derision follow fools.



## FABLE XLII.

*The* JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long thro' all the town,  
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown;  
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
 The devil at his finger's ends.

*Vice* heard his fame, she read his bill;  
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill,  
 She sought his booth, and from the croud,  
 Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for flight,  
 Can this flow bungler cheat your sight,  
 Dare he with me dispute the prize?  
 I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd the Juggler cry'd tis done.  
 In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd,  
 By turns this here, and there convey'd:

The cards, obedient to his words,  
 Are by a fillip turn'd to birds ;  
 His little boxes change the grain,  
 Trick after trick deludes the train,  
 He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,  
 His fingers spread and nothing there.  
 Then bids it rain with show'rs of gold,  
 And now his iv'ry eggs are told,  
 But when from thence the hen he draws,  
 Amaz'd spectator's hum applause.

*Vice* now steps forth and took the place  
 With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries.  
 (There, hand it round) will charm your eyes ?  
 Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
 And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next to a senator addressing ;  
 See this *Bank-note*, observe the blessing :  
 Breathe on the bill, Heigh-pafs ! Tis gone,  
 Upon his lips a padlock shone.

A second puff the magic broke,  
 The padlock vanish'd and he spoke.

Twelve

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,  
 All full, with heady liquor stor'd,  
 By clean conveyance disappear,  
 And now two bloody fwords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;  
 At once his ready finger's clos'd ?  
 He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,  
 He sees a halter in its stead.  
 She bids ambition hold a wand,  
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows :  
 Blow here ; and a churchwarden blows,  
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
 And on the table smokes a treat,  
 She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
 And from all pockets fill'd her box.

She next a meagre rake address ;  
 This picture see ? her shape, her breast !  
 What youth, and what inviting eyes !  
 Hold her and have her. With surprise,  
 His hand expos'd a box of pills ?  
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

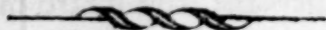
A counter



A counter in a miser's hand,  
 Grew twenty guineas at command:  
 She bids his heir the sum retain,  
 And 'tis a counter now again.

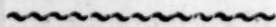
A guinea with her touch you see  
 Takes ev'ry shape but charity:  
 And not one thing, you saw or drew,  
 But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart  
 With his submission own'd her art.  
 Can I such matchless slight withstand!  
 How practice hath improv'd your hand?  
 But now and then I cheat the throng;  
 You ev'ry day, and all day long.



### FABLE XLIII.

#### *The Council of HORSES.*



UPON a time a neighing steed,  
 Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,  
 With mutiny had fir'd the train,  
 And spread dissension through the plain,

On

On matters that concern'd the state,  
 The council met in grand debate.  
 A colt, whose eye-balls shot with ire,  
 Elate with strength and youthful fire,  
 In haste slept forth before the rest,  
 And thus the list'ning throng address'd.

Good Gods ! how abject is our race,  
 Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace !  
 Shall we our servitude retain,  
 Because our fires have born the chain ?  
 Consider friends your strength and might,  
 'Tis conquest to assert your right.  
 How cumbrous is the gilded coach !  
 The pride of man is our reproach.  
 Were we design'd for daily toil,  
 To drag the plough-share thro' the soil,  
 To sweat in harness thro' the road,  
 To groan beneath the carrier's load ?  
 How feeble are the two-legg'd kind !  
 What force is in our nerves combin'd !  
 Shall then our nobler jaws submit  
 To foam and champ the galling bit ?  
 Shall haughty man my back bestride ?  
 Shall the sharp spur provoke my side ?  
 Forbid it Heav'n ! reject the rein,  
 Your shame, your infamy, disdain.

Let

Let him the lion first controul,  
 And still the tiger's famish'd growl:  
 Let us like them, our freedom claim,  
 And make him tremble at our name.

A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,  
 And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When lo, with grave and solemn pace,  
 A steed advanc'd before the race,  
 With age and long experience wise,  
 Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,  
 And to the murmurs of the train,  
 Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain.

When I had health and strength, like you  
 The toils of servitude I knew;  
 Now grateful man rewards my pains,  
 And gives me all these wide domains;  
 At will I crop the year's increase,  
 My latter life is rest and peace.  
 I grant to man we lend our pains,  
 And aid him to correct the plains:  
 But does not he divide the care,  
 Through all the seasons of the year?  
 How many thousand structures rise,  
 To fence us from inclement skies!

For

For us he bears the sultry day,  
 And stores up all our winter's hay :  
 He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,  
 We share the toil and share the grain.  
 Since ev'ry creature was decreed  
 To aid each other's mutual need,  
 Appease your discontented mind,  
 And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The colt submitted,  
 And like his ancestors, was bitted.

---

FABLE XLIV.

*The HOUND and the HUNTSMAN.*

~~~~~

IMPERTINENCE at first is born
 With heedless flight, or smiles of scorn
 Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
 The noisy fool who perseveres ?

The morning wakes, the huntsman sounds,
 At once rush forth the joyful hounds ;
 They seek the wood with eager pace,
 Through bush through brier explore the chace ;
 Now scatter'd wide they try the plain,
 And snuff the dewy turf in vain.

What

What care, what industry, what pains !
 What universal silence reigns !

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,
 Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
 At once displays his babbling throat ;
 The pack, regardless of the note,
 Pursues the scent ; with louder strain
 He still persists to vex the train.

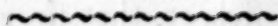
The Huntsman to the clamourer flies,
 The smacking lash he smartly plies ;
 His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
 The puppy thus express his moan.

I know the music of my tongue
 Long since the pack with envy stung
 What will not spite ? These bitter smarts
 I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the huntsman cry'd,
 They show both ignorance and pride,
 Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,
 For envy is a kind of praise.
 Had not thy forward noisy tongue
 Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
 Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,
 And ne'er thy foolish noise confess :
 But fools, to talking ever prone,
 Are sure to make their follies known.

FABLE

FABLE XLV.

The POET and the ROSE.

I Hate the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes by character's o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own;
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays,
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,
 With both all rivals are decry'd.
 Who praises LESBIA's eyes and feature,
 Must call her sister, aukward creature;
 For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
 When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
 A poet sought the sweets of MAY,
 The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 And every stalk with odour bends,
 A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd admir'd,
 Thus singing as the muse inspir'd.

K

How

Go, Rose, my *Chloe's* bosom grace;

How happy should I prove,

Might I supply that envy'd place

With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix like, beneath her eye,

Involv'd with fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find

More fragrant roses there;

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd

With envy and despair!

One common fate we both must prove;

You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd

An angry Rose, who grew beside;

Of all mankind you should not flout us,

What can a poet do without us!

In every love-song roses bloom,

We lend you colour and perfume,

Does it to *Chloe's* charms conduce,

To sound her praise on our abuse!

Must we, to flatter her be made

To wither, envy, pine and fade?

FABLE XLVI.

*The CUR, the HORSE, and the
SHEPHERD'S DOG.*

THE lad with all-sufficient merit,
 With modesty ne'er damps his spirit,
 Presuming on his own deserts,
 On all alike his tongue exerts ;
 His noisy jokes at random throws,
 And pertly spatters friends and foes ;
 In wit and war the bully race
 Contribute to their own disgrace ;
 Too late the forward youth shall find
 That jokes are sometimes paid in kind ;
 Or if they canker in the breast,
 He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village cur, of snappish race,
 The pertest puppy of the place,
 Imagin'd that his tremb'ling throat
 Was blest with music's sweetest note ;
 In the mid road he basking lay,
 The yelping nuisance of the way :

For not a creature past along
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears.
Away he scours, assaults his hoof,
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof ;
With shrill impertinence attends,
Nor leaves him till the village ends,

It chanc'd; upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way ;
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing trav'ler sprung,
The horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
Flung backward ; rolling in the mire,
The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay ;
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A shepherd's Dog who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus. When coxcombs prate,
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.
Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadst not, like a puppy, dy'd.

FABLE XLVII.

The COURT of DEATH.

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
 In all his pomp of terrors fate ;
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,
 Diseases dire, a ghastly train,
 Croud the vast court. With hollow tone
 A voice thus thunder'd from the throne.

This night our minister we name,
 Let ev'ry servant speak his claim :
 Merit shall bear this ebon wand,
 All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand,
 Fever, with burning heat possess'd,
 Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd.

I to the weekly bills appeal,
 Let those express my fervent zeal,
 On ev'ry slight occasion near,
 With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,
 Pleads how he shifts from place to place.
 From head to foot how swift he flies,
 And ev'ry joint and sinew plies,

Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew,
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due.

'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy;
My shanks, sunk eyes and noseless face
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever growing force,
And next, Consumption's meagre course,
With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd,
Let none object my ling'ring way,
I gain, like *Fabius*, by delay,
Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.

Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand,
Now expectation hush'd the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne.

Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here? But see their toils requite.
Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.

You

You Fever, Gout, and all the rest,
 (Whom wary men, as foes detest)
 Forego your claim ; no more pretend :
 Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend,
 He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And, as a courted guest, destroys ;
 The charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds employment for you all.

FABLE XLVIII.

The GARDENER and the HOG.

~~~~~

**A** GARD'NER, of peculiar taste,  
 On a young hog his favour plac'd,  
 Who fed not with the common herd,  
 His tray was to the hall preferr'd,  
 He wallow'd underneath the board,  
 Or in his master's chamber snor'd,  
 Who fondly strok'd him ev'ry day,  
 And taught him all the puppy's play ;  
 Where'er he went the grunting friend  
 Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.



As on a time, the loving pair  
 Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,  
 The master thus address'd the swine.  
 My house, my garden, all is thine;  
 On turnips feast when'er you please,  
 And riot in my beans and pease;  
 If the potatoe's taste delights,  
 Or the red carrot's sweet invites,  
 Indulge thy morn and evening hours,  
 But let due care regard my flowers.  
 My tulips are my garden's pride.  
 What vast expence those beds supply'd!

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd  
 Where with new ale the vessels foam'd;  
 He maunches now the steaming grains,  
 Now with full swill the liquor drains;  
 Intoxicating fumes arise,  
 He reels, he rolls his winking eyes,  
 Then stagg'ring thro' the garden scours,  
 And treads down painted ranks of flowers,  
 With delving snout he turns the soil,  
 And cools his palate with the spoil.

The master came, the ruin spy'd,  
 Villain suspend thy rage, he cry'd;  
 Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,  
 My charge, my only charge forgot?

What

What all my flowers ? No more he said,  
But gaz'd, and sigh'd and hung his head.

The Hog with stuttring speech returns,  
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns ;  
See there, untouch'd your tulips strown,  
For I devour'd the roots alone !

At this, the Gard'ner's passion grows ;  
From oaths and threats he fell to blows ;  
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,  
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah, foolish swain, too late you find  
That sties were for such friends design'd !

Homeward he limps with painful pace,  
Reflecting thus on past disgrace ;  
Who cherishes a brutal mate,  
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.



## FABLE XLIX.

*The MAN and the FLEA.*

~~~~~

WHETHER on earth, in air, or main,
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,
As destin'd only for his prey?
And do not tyrants, prouder things,
Think men were born for slaves to kings?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
Or *Tagus*, bright with golden sands,
Or crawls beside the coral grove,
And hears the ocean roll above;
Nature is too profuse, says he,
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume,
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
Like *Laura's* cheek, when blushes rise:
When with huge figs the branches bend;
When clusters from the vine depend:
The snail looks round on flower and tree,
And cries, all these were made for me!

What

What dignity's in human nature,
 Says Man, the most conceited creature,
 As from the cliff he cast his eye,
 And view'd the sea and arched sky?
 The sun was sunk beneath the main,
 The moon and all the starry train
 Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The Man
 His contemplation thus began.

When I behold this glorious show,
 And the wide watry world below,
 The scaly people of the main,
 The beasts that range the wood or plain,
 The wing'd inhabitants of air,
 The day, the night, the various year,
 And know all these by heav'n design'd
 As gifts to pleasure human kind.
 I cannot raise my worth too high;
 Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th' importance you suppose,
 Replies a Flea upon his nose:
 Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
 Know, pride was never made for man.
 'Tis vanity that swells thy mind:
 What, heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
 For thee; made only for our need;
 That more important fleas might feed.

FABLE

FABLE L.

The HARE and many FRIENDS.

FRRIENDSHIP, like love is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.

The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care ;
'Tis thus in friendships who depend
On many rarely finds a friend.

A Hare who in a civil way,
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the beastial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain :
Her care was, never to offend,
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep mouth'd thunder flies ;
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,
She hears the near advance of death,
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round ;

'Till

'Till fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the horse appear'd in view !

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend,
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.
The horse reply'd, poor honest pufs,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;
Be comforted, relief is near ;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd ;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord.

Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence pretend
To take the freedom of a friend ;
Love calls me hence ; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley mow :
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus would seem unkind :
But see, the goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head ; her heavy eye ;

L

My

My back, says he, may do you harm ;
The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd,
His fides a load of wool sustain'd.

Said he was slow, confess his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting calf address,
To save from death a friend distress.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?

Older and abler past you by ;
How strong are those ! how weak am I !

Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.

Excuse me then. You know my heart,
But dearest friends, alas, must part !

How shall we all lament : Adieu.

For see the hounds are just in view.

FABLES,

BY THE LATE

Mr. GAY.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE HISTORY OF THE
REIGN OF
THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

TABLES

OF THE
REVENUE
AND EXPENDITURE
OF THE
CROWN
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SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY
MR. GAY

VOLUME THE SECOND
CONTAINING
THE
REVENUE
AND EXPENDITURE
OF THE
CROWN
IN THE
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY



FABLE I.

The Dog and the Fox.



TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you Lawyers can, with ease,
Twist words and meanings as you please;
That language, by your skill made pliant,
Will bend to favour ev'ry client:
That 'tis the fee directs the sense
To make out either side's pretence.
When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face;
For scepticism's your profession;
You hold there's doubt in all expression,

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd,
 Hence eloquence takes either side :
 Your hand would have but paltry gleanings
 Could ev'ry man express his meaning.
 Who dares presume to pen a deed,
 Unless you previously are fee'd ?
 'Tis drawn ; and to augment the cost,
 In dull prolixity engroft,
 And now we're well secured by law,
 'Till the next brother finds a flaw,

Read o'er a will. Was't ever known,
 But you could make the will your own ;
 For when you read, 'tis with intent
 To find out meanings never meant.
 Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,
 I bar fallacious inuendo.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
 Some beast or bird in ev'ry face ,
 The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
 Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.
 When, in the sketches thus design'd,
 Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
 You show the piece, and give the hint,
 And find the feature in the print ;
 So monstrous like the portrait's found,
 All know it, and the laugh goes round.

Like

Like him I draw from gen'ral nature :

Is't I or you then fix the Satire ?

So, Sir, I beg you ll spare your pains
In making comments on my strains :
All private slander I detest,
I judge not of my neighbour's breast ;
Party and prejudice I hate,
And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice,
Because a knave is over-nice ?
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
Shall not the Decalogue be read ?
If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
Is't I apply, or self-conviction ?
Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
If men in morals are the same ?
I no man call or ape or ass ;
Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
Thus void of all offence I write :
Who claims the Fable, knows his right :

A shepherd's dog unskill'd in sports,
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts ;
Among the rest a Fox he knew ;
By frequent chat their friendship grew.
Says Reynard, 'tis a cruel case,
That Man should stigmatize our race.

No

No doubt, among us rogues you find,
 As among dogs and human kind?
 And yet unknown to me and you,
 There may be honest men and true.
 Thus Slander does whate'er it can,
 To put us on a foot with Man.
 Let my own actions recommend:
 No prejudice can blind a friend:
 You know me free from all disguise;
 My honour as my life I prize.

By talk like this from all mistrust
 The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth
 On conscience, honesty, and worth,
 Sudden he stopp'd; he cock'd his ear:
 Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

Bless us! the hunters are abroad,
 What's all the clatter on the road?
 Hold, says the Dog, we're safe from harm?
 'Twas nothing but a false alarm.
 At yonder town 'tis market day.
 Some farmer's wife is on the way;
 'Tis so, (I know her pye-ball'd mare)
 Dame Dobbins with her poultry ware.
 Reynard grew huff. Says he, This sneer?
 From you I little thought to hear;

Your

Your meaning in your looks I see,
 Pray what's dame Dobbins, friend, to me ?
 Did I e'er make her poultry thinner ?
 Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.
 Friend, quoth the cur, I meant no harm ?
 Then why so captious ! why so warm ?
 My words, in common acceptation,
 Could never give this provocation.
 No lamb, for aught I ever knew,
 May be more innocent than you.

At this gall'd Reynard winc'd and swore
 Such language ne'er was given before.

What's lamb to me ? This saucy hint
 Shows me, base knave, which way you squint
 If t'other night your master lost
 Three lambs ; am I to pay the cost ?
 Your vile reflections would imply
 That I'm the thief. You dog, you lye.

Thou knave, thou fool, (the dog reply'd)
 The name is just, take either side ;
 Thy guilt these applications speak :
 Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak.

So saying, on the Fox he flies,
 The self-convicted felon dies.

FABLE II.

*The VULTURE, the SPARROW, and
other Birds.*



TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY,

ERE I begin, I must premise
 Our ministers are good and wise ;
 So, though malicious tongues apply,
 Pray, what care they, or what care I ?
 If I am free with courts ; be't known,
 I ne'er presume to mean our own.
 If general morals seem to joke
 On ministers and such like folk,
 A captious fool may take offence ;
 What then ? he knows his own pretence ;
 I meddle with no state-affairs,
 But spare my jest to save my ears.
 Our present schemes are too profound
 For Machiavel himself too sound :
 To censure 'em I've no pretension ;
 I own they're past my comprehension.

If

You say your brother wants a place,
 ('Tis many a younger brother's case)
 And that he very soon intends
 To ply the Court and teaze his friends.
 If there his merits chance to find
 A patriot of an open mind,
 Whose constant actions prove him just
 To both a king's and people's trust,
 May he, with gratitude attend,
 And owe his rise to such a friend.

You praise his parts for bus'ness fit,
 His learning, probity, and wit,
 But those alone will never do,
 Unless his patron have 'em too.

I've heard of times, (pray God defend us,
 We're not so good but he can mend us)
 When wicked ministers have trod
 On kings and people, law and God;
 With arrogance they girt the throne,
 And knew no int'rest but their own,
 Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,
 Gets nothing but its own reward.
 A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,
 With proper parts to recommend 'em.
 Then if his patron burn with lust,
 The first in favour's pimp the first.

His

His doors are never clos'd to spies,
 Who cheer his heart with double lies;
 They flatter him, his foes defame,
 So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.
 If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,
 Projectors swell his greedy train;
 'Vile brokers ply his private ear.
 With jobs of plunder for the year,
 All consciences must bend and ply,
 You must vote on, and not know why:
 Through thick and thin you must go on;
 One scruple and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curst a land,
 And fav'rites cannot always stand,
 Good courtiers should for change be ready,
 And not have principles too steady:
 For should a knave engross the pow'r
 (God shield the realm from that sad hour)
 He must have rogues or slavish fools;
 For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,
 And strut with infamy and gain,
 I envy not her guilt and state,
 And scorn to share the public hate,
 Let their own servile creatures rise,
 By screening fraud and venting lies;

Give me, kind heaven, * a private station,
 A mind serene for contemplation,
 Title and profit I resign,
 The post of honour shall be mine.
 My sables read, their merits view,
 Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhimes
 Always except the present times)
 A greedy vulture, skill'd in game,
 Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,
 Approach'd the throne in evil hour,
 And step by step intrudes to power :
 When at the royal eagle's ear
 He longs to ease the monarch's care :
 The monarch grants. With pride elate,
 Behold him minister of state !
 Around him throng the feather'd rout.
 Friends must be serv'd and some must out.
 Each thinks his own the best pretension ;
 This 'asks a place, and that a pension.

The nightingale was set aside :
 A forward daw his room supply'd.

This bird, says he, for bus'ness fit,
 Hath both sagacity and wit ;

*—When impious men bear sway,
 The post of honour is a private station.

ADDISON.

M

With

With all his turns, and shifts and tricks,
He's docile, and at nothing flicks:

Then with his neighbours one so free,
At all times will connive at me.

The Hawk had due distinction shown,
For parts and talents like his own,

Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,
As blust'ring bullies to defend him.

At once the ravens were discarded,
And magpies with their posts rewarded.

Those fowls of omen I detest,
That pry into another's nest:

State lies must lose all good intent,
For they foresee and croak th' event.

My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,
Speak what they're taught and so to vote.

When rogues like these, a Sparrow cries,
To honours and employments rise,

I court no favour, ask no place;
From such, preferment is disgrace:

Within my thatch'd retreat I find
(What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

FABLE III.

*The BABOON and the POULTRY.**TO A LEVEE-HUNTER.*

WE frequently misplace esteem
 By judging men by what they seem ;
 To birth, wealth, pow'r, we should allow
 Precedence and our lowest bow :
 In that is due distinction shown
 Esteem is virtue's right alone.

With partial eye we're apt to see
 The man of noble pedigree.
 We're prepossess'd my lord inherits
 In some degree his grandfire's merits,
 For those we find upon record,
 But find him nothing but my lord.
 When we with superficial view
 Gaze on the rich, we're dazzled too :
 We know that wealth, well understood,
 Hath frequent power of doing good ;
 Then fancy that the thing is done,
 As if the power and will were one.

M 2

Thus

Thus oft the cheated croud adore
The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.

The cringing train of pow'r survey :
What creatures are so low as they !
With what obsequiousness they bend !
To what vile actions condescend !
Their rise is on their meanness built,
And flatt'ry is their smallest guilt.
What homage, reverence, adoration,
In ev'ry age, in every nation;
Have sycophants to power address !
No matter who the power possess.
Let ministers be what they will,
You find their levees always fill :
Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,
Whose actions claim'd contempt and hate,
Had wretches to applaud their schemes,
Tho' more absurd then madmen's dreams.
When barb'rous Moloch was invoc'd.
The blood of infants only smok'd ;
But here, unless all history lies,
Whole realms have been a sacrifice.
Look thro' all courts : 'Tis power we find
The gen'ral idol of mankind ;
There worshipp'd under every shape :
Alike the lion, fox and ape

Are

Are followed by time-serving slaves,
Rich prostitutes and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post ?
How frail his pride, how vain his boast !
The followers of his prosp'rous hour
Are as unstable as his pow'r.
Pow'r by the breath of flatt'ry nurs'd,
The more it swells, is nearer burst.
The bubble breaks, the gew-gaw ends,
And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time, an ancient maid,
By wishes and by time decay'd,
To cure the pangs of restless thought
In birds and beasts amusement sought ;
Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd,
With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her fancy took,
(Almost a man in size and look)
He finger'd every thing he found,
And mimick'd all the servants round ;
Then too his parts and ready wit
Shew'd him for ev'ry business fit.
With all these talents, 'twas but just,
That Pug should hold a place of trust :
So to her fav'rite was assign'd
The charge of all her feather'd kind ;

'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,
 And portion out their daily corn.
 Behold him now, with haughty stride,
 Assume a ministerial pride.

The morning rose. In hopes of picking,
 Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,
 Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,

To worship his important strut.

The minister appears. The croud
 Now here, now there, obsequious bow'd.
 This prais'd his parts, and that his face,
 T'other his dignity in place :

From bill to bill the flatt'ry ran,
 He hears and bears it like a man ;
 For, when we flatter self-conceit,
 We but his sentiments repeat.

If we're too scrupulously just,
 What profit's in a place of trust ?
 The common practice of the great
 Is, to secure a snug retreat :

So Pug began to turn his brain,
 Like other folks in place, on gain.

An apple-woman's stall was near,
 Well stock'd with fruits thro' all the year :
 Here ev'ry day he cram'd his guts,
 Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts ;

For

For 'twas agreed in way of trade,
His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,
And no account which way it went;
Then too the poultry's starv'd condition
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.

The facts were prov'd beyond dispute :

Pug must refund his hoards of fruit ;

And though, then minister in chief,

Was branded as a public thief.

Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,

He nothing but his pride retains.

A goose pass'd by ; he knew the face,

Seen ev'ry levee while in place.

What, no respect ! no rev'ence shown !

How saucy are these creatures grown !

Not two days since, says he, you bow'd

The lowest of my fawning croud.

Proud fool (replies 'the goose) 'tis true

Thy corn a flatt'ring levee drew ;

For that I join'd the hungry train,

And sold thee flatt'ry for thy grain :

But then, as now, conceited ape,

We saw thee in thy proper shape.

FABLE IV.

The ANT in OFFICE.

TO A FRIEND.



YOU tell me that you apprehend
 My verse may touchy folks offend.
 In prudence too you think my rhimes
 Should never squint at courtiers' crimes;
 For though not this or that is meant,
 Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You ask me if I ever knew
 Court chaplains thus the lawn pursue.
 I meddle not with gown or lawn:
 Poets, I grant, to rise must fawn.
 They know great ears are over-nice,
 And never shock their patron's vice.
 But I this hackney path despise;
 Tis my ambition not to rise:
 If I must prostitute the muse,
 The base conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter or defame;
 Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.

If I corruption's hand expose,
 I make corrupted men my foes.
 What then? I hate the paltry tribe.
 Be virtue mine : Be their's the bribe.
 I no man's property invade :
 Corruption's yet no lawful trade ;
 Nor would it mighty ills produce,
 Could I shame brib'ry out of use.
 I know 'twould cramp most politicians,
 Were they ty'd down to these conditions ;
 'Twould stint their power, their riches bound
 And make their parts seem less profound.
 Were they deny'd their proper tools,
 How could they lead their knaves and fools?
 Were this the case, let's take a view,
 What dreadful mischiefs would ensue.
 Though it might aggrandize the state,
 Could private lux'ry dine on plate ?
 Kings might indeed their friends reward,
 But ministers find less regard.
 Informers, sycophants and spies,
 Would not augment the year's supplies :
 Perhaps too, take away this prop,
 An annual job or two might drop.
 Besides, if pensions were deny'd,
 Could avarice support his pride ?

It

It might ev'n ministers confound,
 And yet the state be safe and found.
 I care not though 'tis understood ;
 I only mean my country's good :
 And let who will, my freedom blame,
 I wish all courtiers did the same.
 Nay, though some folks the less might get,
 I wish the nation out of debt.
 I put no private man's ambition
 With public good in competition:
 Rather than have our laws defac'd,
 I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't were it will :
 And what if great folks take it ill ?
 I hope corruption, bribery, pension,
 One may with detestation mention :
 Think you the law, let who will take it,
 Can scandalum magnatum make it ?

I vent no slander, owe no grudge,
 Nor of another's conscience judge :
 At him, or him I take no aim,
 Yet dare against all vice declaim.
 Shall I not censure breach of trust,
 Because knaves know themselves unjust !
 That steward whose accounts is clear,
 Demands his honour may appear :

His

His actions never shun the light ;
He is and would be prov'd upright.

But then you think my fable bears
Allusion too to state affairs.

I grant it does : And who's so great
That has the privilege to cheat ?

If then in any future reign
(For ministers may thirst for gain)
Corrupted hands defraud the nation,
I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whose forward prate
Controll'd all matters in debate ;
Whether he knew the thing or no,
His tongue eternally would go ;
For he had impudence at will,
And boasted universal skill.
Ambition was his point in view,
Thus by decrees to power he grew.
Behold him now his drift attain :
He's made chief treas'rer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are just,
And punish breach of public trust,
'Tis order'd, (lest wrong application
Should starve that wise industrious nation)
That all accounts be stated clear,
Their stock, and what defray'd the year ;
That

That auditors shall these inspect,
 And public rapine thus be check'd,
 For this the solemn day was set;
 The auditors in council met.
 The gran'ry-keeper must explain,
 And balance his account of grain.
 He brought, since he could not refuse 'em,
 Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.

An honest pismire, warm with zeal,
 In justice to the public weal,
 Thus spoke. The nation's hoard is low.
 From whence does this profusion flow?
 I know our annual fund's amount.
 Why such expence? and where's th' account
 With wonted arrogance and pride,
 The Ant in office thus reply'd.

Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,
 How could the best-schem'd projects hold?
 Should we state-mysteries disclose,
 'Twould lay us open to our foes,
 My duty and my well-known zeal,
 Bid me our present schemes conceal:
 But, on my honour, all th' expence,
 Though vast, was for the swarm's defence.

They pass'd the account as fair and just,
 And voted him implicit trust.

Next

Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,
He thus his innocence maintain'd.

Think how our present matters stand,
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand;
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food;
No farmer's wife but hath her brood,
Consider when invasion's near,
Intelligence must cost us dear;
And in this ticklish situation,
A secret told betrays the nation.
But, on my honour, all th' expence,
Though vast, was for the swarm's defence.

Again without examination.
They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. The treasure spent,
Again, in secret service went.
His honour too again was pledg'd
To satisfy the charge alledg'd
When thus the panic shame possess'd,
An auditor his friends address'd.

What are we, ministerial tools,
We little knaves are greater fools.
At last this secret is explor'd:
'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.
For every grain we touch'd, at least
A Thousand his own heaps increas'd.

N

Then

Then, for his kin and fav'rite spies,
 A hundred hardly would suffice.
 Thus for a paltry sneaking bribe,
 We cheat ourselves and all the tribe,
 For all the magazine contains
 Grows from our annual toil and pains.

They vote th' account shall be inspected;
 The cunning plund'rer is detected:
 The fraud is sentenc'd: and his hoard,
 As due, to public use restor'd.

FABLE VI.

The BEAR in a BOAT.

TO A COXCOMB.

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THAT man must daily wiser grow,  
 Whose search is bent himself to know;  
 Impartially he weighs his scope,  
 And on firm reason founds his hope;  
 He tries his strength before the race,  
 And never seeks his own disgrace:  
 He knows the compass, sail and oar,  
 Or never launches from the shore;

Before

Before he builds computes the cost,  
 And in no proud pursuit is lost.  
 He learns the bounds of human sense,  
 And safely walks within the fence :  
 Thus, conscious of his own defect,  
 Are pride and self-importance check'd.

If then self-knowledge to pursue,  
 Direct our life in every view,  
 Of all the fools that pride can boast,  
 A coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind,  
 They're not to sex or age confin'd,  
 Or rich, or poor, or great or small ;  
 And vanity besets 'em all.  
 By ignorance is pride increas'd ;  
 Those most assume who know the least ;  
 Their own false balance gives 'em weight.  
 But ev'ry other finds 'em light.

Not that all coxcombs follies strike  
 And draw out ridicule alike ;  
 To different merits each pretends :  
 This in love-vanity transcends ;  
 That, smitten with his face and shape,  
 By dress distinguishes the ape ;  
 T'other with learning crams his shelf,  
 Knows books, and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,  
 Compar'd with coxcombs of ambition ;  
 For those, puff'd up with flatt'ry dare  
 Assume a nation's various care :  
 They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,  
 Their sycophants seem hardly just ;  
 For these, in part alone, attest  
 The flatt'ry their own thoughts suggest.  
 In this wide sphere a coxcomb's shown  
 In other realms besides his own :  
 The self-deem'd Machiavel at large  
 By turns controls in ev'ry charge.  
 Does commerce suffer in her rights,  
 'Tis he directs the naval flights.  
 What sailor dares dispute his skill ?  
 He'll be an adm'ral when he will.  
 Now, meddling in the soldier's trade.  
 Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.  
 He gives ambassadors their cue  
 His cobbled treaties to renew,  
 And annual taxes must suffice  
 The current blunders to disguise.  
 When his crude schemes in air are lost  
 And millions scarce defray the cost,  
 His arrogance, nought undismay'd,  
 Trusting in self sufficient aid,

On other rocks misguides the realm,  
 And thinks a pilot at the helm.  
 He ne'er suspects his want of skill,  
 But blunders on from ill to ill ;  
 And, when he fails of all intent,  
 Blames only unforeseen event.  
 Left you mistake the application,  
 The fable calls me to relation.

A bear of shagg and manners rough  
 At climbing trees expert enough,  
 For dextrously, and safe from harm,  
 Year after year he robb'd the swarm.  
 Thus, thriving on industrious toil,  
 He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,  
 He thought no enterprize too great.  
 Alike in science and in arts,  
 He boasted universal parts ;  
 Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,  
 His arrogance was uncontrol'd ;  
 And thus he made his party good,  
 And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration stare,  
 And think him a prodigious Bear.

Were any common booty got,  
 'Twas his each portion to allot !  
 For why, he found there might be picking  
 Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.  
 Intruding thus, he by degrees  
 Claim'd too the butcher's larger fees,  
 And now his over-weening pride  
 In every province will preside.  
 No task too difficult was found.  
 His blund'ring nose misleads the hound :  
 In stratagem and subtle arts,  
 He over-rules the fox's parts.  
 It chanc'd as on a certain day,  
 Along the bank he took his way,  
 A boat, with rudder, sail and oar,  
 At anchor floated near the shore.  
 He stopt, and turning to his train,  
 Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

What blund'ring puppies are mankind,  
 In every science always blind !  
 I mock the pedantry of schools :  
 What are their compasses and rules ?  
 From me that helm will conduct learn,  
 And man his ignorance discern.

So saying, with audacious pride,  
 He gains the boat and climbs the tide :

The

The beasts astonish'd line the strand,  
 The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land :  
 The slack sail shifts from side to side,  
 The boat untrim'd admits the tide.  
 Borne down, adrift, at random tost,  
 His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost,  
 The Bear, presuming in his skill,  
 Is here and there officious still ;  
 'Till striking on the dang'rous sands.

A-ground the shatter'd vessel stands.  
 To see the bungler thus distressed,  
 The very fishes sneer and jest ;  
 Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,  
 To mortify the meddling fool.  
 The clam'rous watermen appear,  
 Threats, curses, oaths insult his ear ; [land,  
 Seiz'd, thresh'd and chain'd he's dragg'd to  
 Derision shouts along the strand.





## FABLE VI.

*The 'SQUIRE and CUR.**TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.*

**T**HE man of pure and simple heart  
 Through life disdains a double part;  
 He never needs the screen of lyes  
 His inward bosom to disguise.  
 In vain malicious tongues assail;  
 Let envy snarl, let slander rail,  
 From virtue's shield, secure from wound,  
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.  
 So shines his light before mankind,  
 His actions prove his honest mind.  
 If in his country's cause he rise,  
 Debating senates to advise,  
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart  
 The honest dictates of his heart;  
 No ministerial frowns he fears,  
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,  
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,

Your

Your lips, at all times, nay your reason  
 Must be controll'd by place and season.  
 What statesman could his power support,  
 Were lying tongues forbid the court ?  
 Did princely ears to truth attend,  
 What minister could gain his end ?  
 How could he raise his tools to place,  
 And how his honest foes disgrace ;

That politician tops his part,  
 Who readily can lye with art ;  
 The man's proficient in his trade,  
 His power is strong, his fortune's made.  
 By that the interest of the throne  
 Is made subservient to his own :  
 By that have kings of old deluded,  
 All their own friends for his excluded :  
 By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,  
 He thrives upon the public ruin.

\* Antiochus with hardy pace  
 Provok'd the dangers of the chase :  
 And, lost from all his menial train,  
 Travers'd the wood and pathless plain :  
 A cottage lodg'd the royal guest,  
 The Parthian clown brought forth his best,

\* PLUTARCH.

The

The king unknown his feast enjoy'd,  
 And various chat the hours employ'd.  
 From wine what sudden friendship springs!  
 Frankly they talk'd of courts and kings.

We country-folk, the clown replies,  
 Could ope our gracious monarch's eyes:  
 The king, as all our neighbours say,  
 Might he, (God blefs him!) have his way.  
 Is found at heart, and means our good,  
 And he would do it if he cou'd.  
 If truth in courts were not forbid,  
 Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.  
 Were he in power, we need not doubt him,  
 But that's transfer'd to those about him,  
 On them he throws his regal cares:  
 And what mind they? their own affairs.  
 If such rapacious hands he trust,  
 The best of men may seem unjust:  
 From kings to coblers 'tis the same:  
 Bad servants wound their master's fame.  
 In this our neighbours all agree:  
 Would the king knew as much as we.  
 Here he stopt short. Repose they sought:  
 The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learnt at early dawn,  
 Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.

The

The guard's approach our host alarms,  
 With gaudy coats the cottage swarms ;  
 The crown and purple robes they bring,  
 And prostrate fall before the king.  
 The clown was call'd ; the royal guest  
 By due reward his thanks exprest.  
 The king then, turning to the croud,  
 Who fawningly before him bow'd,  
 Thus spoke. Since bent on private gain,  
 Your counsels first misled my reign,  
 Taught, and inform'd by you alone,  
 No truth the royal ear hath known  
 Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew,  
 For now I know myself and you.

When'er the royal ear's engroft,  
 State lyes but little genius cost.  
 The fav'rite then securely robs,  
 And gleans a nation by his jobbs.  
 Franker and bolder grown in ill,  
 He daily poisons dares instill ;  
 And as his present views suggest,  
 Inflames or soothes the royal breast.  
 Thus wicked ministers oppress,  
 When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,  
 A minister must talk with fear.

If

If honesty oppos'd his views,  
 He dar'd not innocence accuse ;  
 'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,  
 He could not right and wrong confound.  
 Happy were kings, could they disclose  
 Their real friends and real foes !  
 Were both themselves and subjects known,  
 A monarch's will might be his own :  
 Had he the use of ears and eyes,  
 Knaves would no more be counted wise,  
 But then a minister might lose  
 (Hard case !) his own ambitious views.  
 When such as these have vex'd a state,  
 Pursu'd by universal hate.  
 Their false support at once hath fail'd,  
 And persevering truth prevail'd :  
 Expos'd their train of fraud is seen,  
 Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country 'squire by whim directed,  
 The true, staunch dogs of chace neglected,  
 Beneath his board no hound was fed ;  
 His hand ne'er strok'd the spaniel's head ;  
 A snappish cur, alone carefs'd,  
 By lyes had banish'd all the rest :  
 Yap had his ear ; and defamation  
 Gave him full scope of conversation.

His

His sycophants must be prefer'd ;  
 Room must be made for all his herd :  
 Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,  
 Old faithful servants all must out.

The Cur on every creature flew,  
 (As other great men's puppies do)  
 Unless due court to him be shown,  
 And both their face and business known,  
 No honest tongue an audience found,  
 He worried all the tenants round.  
 For why, he liv'd in constant fear,  
 Lest truth by chance should interfere.

If any stranger dar'd intrude,  
 The noisy cur his heels pursu'd ;  
 Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,

At once he snarled, bit and fled :  
 Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,  
 And thus in secret growls his fear.  
 Who knows but truth in this disguise.  
 May frustrate my best guarded lyes ?  
 Should she, thus mask'd, admittance find,  
 That very hour my ruin's sign'd.  
 Now in his howl's continu'd sound,  
 Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd :  
 Ever in awe of honest tongues,  
 Thus every day he strain'd his lungs.



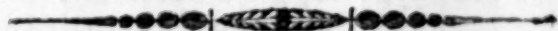
It happen'd in ill omen'd hour,  
 That Yap unmindful of his power,  
 Forsook his post, to love inclin'd ;  
 A fav'rite bitch was in the wind ;  
 By her seduc'd in am'rous play,  
 They frisk'd the joyous hours away.  
 Thus by untimely love pursuing,  
 Like Anthony, he sought his ruin.

For now the 'Squire unvex'd with noise,  
 An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.  
 Be free, says he, your mind impart ;  
 I love a friendly open heart.  
 Methinks my tenants shun my gate ?  
 Why such a stranger grown of late ?  
 Pray tell me what offence they find,  
 'Tis plain they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur, the farmer cries,  
 Who feeds your ear with daily lyes :  
 His snarling insolence offends ;  
 'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.  
 Were but that saucy puppy checkt,  
 You'd find again the same respect.  
 Hear only him, he'll swear it too,  
 That all our hatred is to you ;  
 But learn from us your true estate,  
 'Tis that curst Cur alone we hate.

The

The squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd  
 The wide hall echoes with his din : [in ;  
 Yet truth prevail'd, and with disgrace,  
 The dog was cudgell'd out of place.



## FABLE VII.

*The COUNTRYMAN and JUPITER.*

*TO MYSELF.*



**H**AVE you a friend (look round and spy)  
 So fond, so prepossess'd as I ?  
 Your faults so obvious to mankind,  
 My partial eyes could never find.  
 When, by the breath of fortune blown,  
 Your airy castles were o'erthrown.  
 Have I been over prone to blame,  
 Or mortify'd your hours with shame ;  
 Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,  
 Or twit you with the want of merit ?

'Tis not so strange that fortune's frown,  
 Still perseveres to keep you down.  
 Look round, and see what others do.  
 Wou'd you be rich and honest too ?

Have

Have you (like those the rose to place)  
 Been opportunely mean and base?

Have you (as times requir'd) resign'd  
 Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?

If these are scruples, give her o'er;

Write, practise morals and be poor.

The gifts of fortune truly rate,  
 Then tell me what would mend your state.  
 If happiness on wealth were built,  
 Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.  
 As grows the miser's hoarded store,  
 His fears, his wants, increas'd the more.

Think Gay, (what ne'er may be the case)  
 Should fortune take you into grace,  
 Would that your happiness augment?  
 What can she give beyond content?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,  
 With a vast annual income clear;  
 In all the affluence you possess  
 You might not feel one care the less:  
 Might you not then, like others, find,  
 With change of fortune, change of mind?  
 Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,  
 You might start out a glaring fool;  
 Your luxury might break all bounds;  
 Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,

Might

Might swell your debts : Then, lust of play  
No regal income can defray.

Sunk is all credit, writs assail  
And doom your future life to jail.

Or were you dignify'd with power,  
Would that avert one penfive hour?  
You might give avarice its swing,  
Defraud a nation, blind a king.  
Then, from the hirelings in your cause  
Tho' daily fed with false applause,  
Could it a real joy impart?  
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?  
(I mean the intrinsic and the true)  
She not in camps or courts resides,  
Nor in the humble cottage hides;  
Yet found alike in every sphere;  
Who finds content, will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade  
A peasant rested on his spade.  
Good Gods, he cries, 'tis hard to bear  
This load of life from year to year!  
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,  
Industrious labour bids me rise:  
With sweat I earn my homely fare,  
And ev'ry day renews my care.

Jove heard the discontented strain,  
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring swain.

Speak out your wants then, honest friend ;  
Unjust complaints the Gods offend.

If you repine at partial fate,  
Instruct me what could mend your state.  
Mankind in ev'ry station see.

What wish you ? tell me what you'd be.

So said, upborne upon a cloud  
The clown survey'd the anxious croud.  
Yon face of care, says Jove, behold :  
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold,  
See with what joy he counts it o'er !  
That sum to day hath swell'd his store.

Were I that man (the Peasant cry'd)  
What blessing could I ask beside ?

Hold, says the God ; first learn to know  
True happiness from outward show.

This optic glass of intuition——  
Here, take it, view his true condition.

He look'd and saw the miser's breast.  
A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest :  
Want ever stares him in the face,  
And fear anticipates disgrace :  
With conscious guilt he saw him start ;  
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart,

And

And never, or in thought or dream,  
His breast admits one happy gleam.

May Jove, he cri's reject my pray'r,  
And guard my life from guilt and care;  
My soul abhors that wretch's fate,  
O keep me in my humble state!  
But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,  
Yon minister so gay and proud,  
On him what happiness attends,  
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!  
First take the glass, the God replies,  
Man views the world with partial eyes.

Good Gods, exclaims the startled wight,  
Defend me from this hideous sight!  
Corruption, with corrosive smart,  
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart;  
I see him with polluted hand,  
Spread the contagion o'er the land.  
Now avarice with insatiate jaws,  
Now rapine with her harpy claws,  
His bosom tears: his conscious breast,  
Groans with a load of crimes oppress'd.

I see him, mad and drunk with power,  
Stand tott'ring on ambition's power:  
Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,  
His boasts insult the nether croud;

Now



Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,  
He trembles lest his fall is near.

Was ever wretch like this, he cries?  
Such misery in such disguise!  
The change, O Jove, I disavow.  
Still be my lot the spade and plough.

He next, confirm'd by speculation.  
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;  
For he the statesman seem'd in part,  
And bore similitude of heart.  
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame  
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:  
The miseries of war he mourn'd,  
Whole nations into desarts turn'd.  
By these have laws and rights been brav'd  
By these was free-born man enslav'd:  
When battles and invasion cease,  
Why swarm they in the land of peace!  
Such change, says he, may I decline:  
The scythe and civil arms be mine!

Thus' weighing life in each condition,  
The clown withdrew his rash petition,  
When thus the God. How mortals err!  
If you true happiness prefer,  
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,  
But dwells in every honest mind.

Be justice then your sole pursuit,  
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

So Jove, to gratify the clown,  
Where first he found him set him down.



FABLE VIII.

*The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and  
the FLY.*

*TO MY NATIVE COUNTRY.*



**H**AIL happy land, whose fertile grounds  
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds ;  
By bounteous nature set apart,  
The seat of industry and art.  
O Britain, chosen port of trade,  
May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade ;  
May never minister (intent  
His private treasures to augment)  
Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes  
Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,  
Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe ?  
Who is't prescribes the ocean law ?

When

When ever neighb'ring states contend,  
 'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.  
 What is't, who rules in other lands ?  
 On trade alone thy glory stands.  
 That benefit is unconfin'd,  
 Diffusing good among mankind :  
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,  
 And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains :  
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,  
 And draws all Europe's, envious eyes.  
 Be commerce then thy sole design ;  
 Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic ploughs the main,  
 Who shares not in the merchant's gain ?  
 'Tis that supports the regal state,  
 And makes the farmer's heart elate,  
 The num'rous flocks that clothe the land  
 Can scarce supply the loom's demand :  
 Prolific culture glads the fields,  
 And the bare heath a harvest yields.  
 Nature expects mankind should share  
 The duties of the public care.  
 Who's born for sloth ? \* To some we find  
 The plough-share's annual toil assign'd ;

\* BARROW.

Some at the sounding anvil glow ;  
 Some the swift-gliding shuttle throw ;  
 Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
 From pole to pole our commerce guide ;  
 Some (taught by industry) impart  
 With hands and feet the works of art ;  
 While some of genius more refin'd,  
 With head and tongue assist mankind :  
 Each, aiming at one common end,  
 Proves to the whole a needful friend,  
 Thus, born each other's useful aid,  
 By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread  
 Is to the clown oblig'd for bread :  
 And, when in all his glory drest,  
 Owes to the loom his royal vest.  
 Do not the mason's toil and care,  
 Protect him from inclement air ?  
 Does not the cutlers art supply,  
 The ornament that guard his thigh ?  
 All these in duty to the throne  
 Their common obligations own.  
 'Tis he, his own and people's cause,  
 Protect their properties and laws !  
 Thus they their honest toil employ,  
 And with content the fruits enjoy.

In every rank or great or small,  
'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by wants oppress'd,  
To man their services address:  
While each pursu'd their selfish good  
They hunger'd for precarious food;  
Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd:  
One day they fed, and starv'd the next:  
They saw that plenty, sure and rise,  
Was found alone in social life;  
That mutual industry profess'd,  
The various wants of man redress'd.  
The Cat, half famish'd, lean and weak,  
Demands the privilege to speak.  
Well Puss, says Man, and what can you,  
To benefit the public do?

The Cat replies; these teeth, these claws,  
With vigilance shall serve the cause.  
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,  
No longer shall your feast pollute;  
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,  
With wasteful teeth your store invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use  
Your parts and talents may conduce;  
For rats and mice purloin our grain,  
And thrashers whirl the flail in vain:

Thus

Thus shall the cat, a foe to spoil,  
 Protect the farmer's honest toil.  
 Then turning to the dog, he cry'd  
 Well, Sir ; be next your merits try'd.  
 Sir, says the dog, by self-applause,  
 We seem to own a friendless cause ;  
 Ask those who know me, if distrust  
 E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.  
 Did I e'er faith or friendship break ?  
 Ask all those creatures ; let them speak.  
 My vigilance and trusty zeal  
 Perhaps might serve the public weal.  
 Might not your flocks in safety feed,  
 Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?  
 Did I the nightly watches keep,  
 Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?

The man replies, 'tis just and right,  
 Rewards such service should requite.  
 So rare, in property, we find  
 Trust uncorrupt among mankind,  
 That, taken in a public view,  
 The first distinction is your due.  
 Such merits all reward transcend ;  
 Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the fly. From you,  
 What public service can accrue ?

P

From



From me ! the flutt'ring insect said ;  
 I thought you knew me better bred.  
 Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit,  
 That I to industry submit ?  
 Let mean mechanics, to be fed,  
 By bus'ness earn ignoble bread :  
 Lost in excess of daily joys,  
 No thought, no care, my life annoys.  
 At noon the lady's matin hour,  
 I sip the tea's delicious flower :  
 On cates luxuriously I dine,  
 And drink the fragrance of the vine.  
 Studious of elegance and ease,  
 Myself alone I seek to please.

The man his pert conceit derides,  
 And thus the useless coxcomb chides,  
 Hence from that peach, that downy seat  
 No idle fool deserves to eat.  
 Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,  
 And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,  
 Had not some hand with skill and toil,  
 To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil ?  
 Consider, sot, what would ensue,  
 Were all such worthless things as you :  
 You'd soon be forc'd, by hunger stung,  
 To make your dirty meals on dung.

On which such despicable need,  
 Unpitied, is reduc'd to feed.  
 Besides vain selfish insect learn,  
 (If you can right and wrong discern)  
 That he who with industrious zeal,  
 Contributes to the public weal,  
 By adding to the common good,  
 His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden blow,  
 He laid the noxious vagrant low:  
 Crush'd in his luxury and pride,  
 The sponger on the public dy'd.



## FABLE IX.

*The JACKALL, LEOPARD, and other  
BEASTS.*

*TO A MODERN POLITICIAN.*

~~~~~

I GRANT corruption sways mankind,
That int'rest too perverts the mind,
That bribes have blinded common sense,
Foil'd reason, truth and eloquence ;
I grant you too, our present crimes
Can equal those of former times.
Against plain facts shall I engage,
To vindicate our righteous age ?
I know that in a modern fist,
Bribes in full energy subsist :
Since then these arguments prevail,
And itching palms are still so frail.
Hence politicians you suggest,
Should drive the nail that goes the best.
That it shows parts and penetration,
To ply men with the right temptation.
To this I humbly must dissent,
Premising no reflection's meant.

Does

Does Justice or the client's sense,
 Teach lawyers either side's defence :
 The fee gives eloquence its spirit ;
 That only is the client's merit.
 Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,
 Obtain the prostitutes cares ?
 The Guinea, as in other trades,
 From every hand alike persuades.
 Man, scripture says, is prone to evil :
 But does that vindicate the devil ;
 Besides, the more mankind are prone,
 The less the devil's parts are shown.
 Corruption's not of modern date :
 It hath been try'd in every state,
 Great knaves of old their power have fenc'd
 By places, pensions, bribes, dispens'd ;
 By these they glory in success,
 And impudently dar'd oppress :
 By these despotically they sway'd,
 And slaves extoll'd the hand that pay'd ;
 Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,
 By these alone were realms destroy'd.

Now see these wretches in disgrace,
 Strip'd of their treasures, pow'r and place ;
 View them abandon'd and forlorn,
 Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.

What now is all your pride : your boast ;
 Where are your slaves your flatt'ring host ?
 What tongues now feed you with applause ?
 What are the champions of your cause !
 Now ev'n that very fawning train,
 Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,
 Press foremost who shall first accuse
 Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,
 Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,
 And want of talents to be just.

What fools were these amidst their pow'r !
 How thoughtless of their adverse hour,
 What friends were made ? A hireling herd,
 For temporary votes prefer'd.
 Was it these sycophants to get.
 Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt ?
 You're bit. For these, like Swifs, attend,
 No longer pay, no longer friend.

The lion is, beyond dispute,
 Allow'd the most majestic brute ;
 His valour and his gen'rous mind
 Prove him superior of his kind.
 Yet to Jackalls, as 'tis aver'd,
 Some lions have their power transfer'd ;
 As if the parts of pimps and spies,
 To govern forests could suffice.

Once

Once, studious of his private good,
 A proud Jackall oppress'd the wood ;
 To cram his own insatiate jaws,
 Invaded property and laws :
 The forest groans with discontent,
 Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.
 The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear,
 His secret hours were vex'd with fear :
 Night after night he weighs the case,
 And feels the terrors of disgrace.

By friends, says he, I ll guard my seat,
 By those malicious tongues defeat :
 I'll strengthen pow'r by new allies,
 And all my clam'rous foes despise.

To make the gen'rous beasts his friends,
 He cringes, fawns, and condescends ;
 But those repuls'd his abject court,
 And scorn'd oppression to support.
 Friends must be had, he can't subsist,
 Bribes shall new Profelytes enlist,
 But these nought weigh'd in honest paws ;
 For bribes confess a wicked cause.
 Yet think not ev'ry paw withstands
 What had prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin,
 Drew a base hog through thick and thin :

Bought

Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,
 The mercenary wolf was staunch :
 The convert fox grew warm and hearty ;
 A pullet gain'd him to the party :
 The golden pippin in his fist,
 A chatt'ring monkey join'd the list.

But soon expos'd to public hate,
 The favourite's fall redress'd the state.
 The Leopard, vindicating right,
 Had brought his secret frauds to light.
 As rats, before the mansion falls,
 Desert late hospitable walls,
 In shoals the servile creatures run,
 To bow before the rising sun.

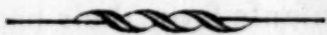
The hog with warmth express'd his zeal,
 And was for hanging those that steal ;
 But hop'd though low, the public hoard
 Might half a turnip still afford.
 Since saving measures were profess'd,
 A lamb's head was the wolf's request.
 The fox submitted, if to touch
 A gosling would be deemed too much.
 The monkey thought his grin and chatter
 Might ask a nut, or some such matter.

Ye hirelings, hence, the Leopard cries,
 Your venal conscience I despise :

He,

He, who the public good intends,
By bribes need never purchase friends :

Who acts this just, this open part,
Is propt by every honest heart.
Corruption now too late has shew'd,
That bribes are always ill bestow'd,
By you your bubbling master's taught,
Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought.



FABLE X.

The DEGENERATE BEES.

TO THE REVEREND DR. SWIFT, DEAN OF
ST. PATRICKS.



THOUGH courts the practice disallow,
A friend at all times I'll avow,
In politics I know 'tis wrong ;
A friendship may be kept too long,
And what they call the prudent part,
Is to wear int'rest next the heart.
As the times take a diff'rent face,
Old friendships should to new give place.

I know too you have many foes.
 That owning you is sharing those ;
 That every knave in ev'ry station,
 Of high and low denomination,
 For what you speak and what you write,
 Dread you at once and bear you spite.
 Such freedoms in your works are shown,
 They can't enjoy what's not their own.
 All dunces too in church and state,
 In frothy nonsense show their hate,
 With all the petty scribbling crew,
 (And those pert fots are not a few)
 'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt
 The booksellers alone are hurt.
 Good Gods ! by what a powerful race
 (For blockheads may have power and place)
 Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,
 To prove your honesty and wit !
 Think with yourself : Those worthy men
 You know have suffer'd by your pen ;
 From them you've nothing but your due,
 From hence 'tis plain your friends are few :
 Except myself I know of none,
 Besides the wife and good alone,
 To set the cause in fairer light,
 My fable shall the rest recite ;

Which

Which (tho' unlike our present state)
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee, of cunning, not of parts,
Luxurious, negligent of arts,
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
Greedy of pow'r, but more of gain,
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive,
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supply'd
'Twas seen in overbearing pride;
With him loud impudence had merit,
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit:
And those who follow'd honour's rules
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools:
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour grace,
And Poverty alone was base:
He treated industry with slight,
Unless he found his profit by it:
Right's, laws, and liberties gave way,
To bring his selfish schemes in play:
The swarm forgot the common toil,
To share the gleanings of his spoil.

While vulgar souls of narrow parts,
Waste life in low mechanic arts,

Let

Let us, says he, to genius born,
 The drudg'ry of our fathers scorn.
 The wasp and drone, you must agree,
 Live with more elegance than we;
 Like gentlemen they sport and play,
 No business interrupts the day;
 Their hours to luxury they give,
 And nobly on their neighbours live.

A stubborn Bee among the swarm,
 With honest indignation warm,
 Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:
 I slight thy frowns and hate thy pride,
 The laws our native rights protect;
 Offending thee, I those respect.
 Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
 And none against the torrent strive;
 Exert the honour of your race;
 He builds his rise on your disgrace,
 'Tis industry our state maintains:
 'Twas honest toil and honest gains
 That rais'd our fires to pow'r and fame,
 Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame:
 Know, that in selfish ends pursuing,
 You scramble for the public ruin.

He

He spoke ; and from his cell dismiss'd
 Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
 With him a friend or two resign'd,
 Disdaining the degen'rate kind.

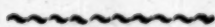
These drones, says he, these insects vile,
 (I treat them in their proper style)
 May for a time oppress the state.
 They own our virtue by their hate :
 By that our merits they reveal,
 And recommend our public zeal ;
 Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
 We're honour'd by the virtuous few.



FABLE XI.

The PACK-HORSE, and the CARRIER.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.



BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth
 To suffer, nay encourage truth ;
 And blame me not for disrespect,
 If I the flatt'rer's style reject ;

Q

With

With that, by menial tongues supply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
Be virtue then your first pursuit :
Set your great ancestors in view,
Like them deserve the title too ;
Like them ignoble actions scorn :
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Tho' with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own :
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their conscience meanly pawn'd,
Their hands by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd ;
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet zealous of the public weal.
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause ;
By neither place or pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your fires maintain their seat :
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning flight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light,

In foremost rank, the coward plac'd,
 Is most conspicuously disgrac'd.
 If you, to serve a paltry end,
 To knavish jobs can condescend,
 We pay you the contempt that's due;
 In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious nam
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
 By birth alone the name descends;
 Your honour on yourself depends.
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride:
 Learning by study must be won,
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires,
 For that mankind reveres your fires:
 If you degen'rate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A carrier ev'ry night and morn
 Would see his horses eat their corn:
 This sunk the hostler's vails 'tis true,
 But then his horses had their due;
 Were we so cautious in all cases,
 Small gain would rise from greater place.

The manger now had all its measure,
 He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure :
 When all at once confusion rung,
 They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.
 A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,
 Foaming, his eye-balls swell'd with pride.

Good Gods ! says he, how hard's my lot !
 Is then my high descent forgot ?
 Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,
 (A life unworthy of my race)
 Must I too bear the vile attacks
 Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks ?
 See scurvy Roan, that brute ill bred,
 Dares from the manger thrust my head !
 Shall I, who boast a noble line,
 On offals of these creatures dine ?
 Kick'd by old Ball, so mean a foe !
 My honour suffers by the blow.
 Newmarket spreads my grandfire's fame,
 All Jockeys still revere his name ;
 There yearly are his triumphs told,
 There all his massy plates enroll'd.
 Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
 You saw him with a liv'ry train ;

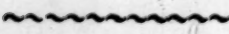
Returning

Returning too with laurels crown'd,
 You heard the drums and trumpets found.
 Let it then, Sir, be understood,
 Respect's my due, for I have blood.
 Vain glorious fool, the carrier cry'd,
 Respect was never paid to pride.
 Know 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart,
 Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.
 Did not thy headstrong youth disdain
 To learn the conduct of the rein?
 Thus coxcombs blind to real merit,
 In vicious frolics fancy spirit.
 What is't to me by whom begot?
 Thou restiff, pert, conceited sot.
 Your fires I rev'rence, 'tis their due,
 But worthless fool, what's that to you?
 Ask all the carriers on the road,
 They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.
 Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
 That neither mends thy strength or pace.
 What profits me thy boast of blood?
 An ass hath more intrinsic good.
 By outward show let's not be cheated:
 An ass should like an ass be treated.

FABLE XII.

PAN *and* FORTUNE.

TO A YOUNG HEIR.



SOON as your father's death was known,
(As if th' estate had been your own)
The gamesters outwardly exprest
The decent joy within your breast,
So lavish in your praise they grew,
As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,
How much in ready money clear,
No house says he is more compleat,
The gardens elegant and great.
How fine the park around it lies!
The timber's of a noble size.
Then count his jewels and his plate,
Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.
If cash runs low, his lands in fee,
Are, or for sale or mortgage free.

Thus they, before you threw the main,
Seem'd to anticipate their gain.

Would

Would you, when thieves are known abroad,
 Bring forth your treasures in the road?
 Would not the fool abet the stealth,
 Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?
 Yet this ye do, whene'er you play
 Among the gentlemen of prey.
 Could fools to keep their own contrive,
 On what, on whom could gamesters thrive?
 Is it in charity you game,
 To save your worthy gang from shame;
 Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
 Which way could idleness be fed?
 Could these professors of deceit
 Within the law no longer cheat,
 They must run bolder risques for prey,
 And strip the traveller on the way.
 Thus in your annual rents they share,
 And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, ere you make the bett.
 That sum might cross your taylor's debt.
 When you the pilf'ring rattle shake,
 Is not your honour too at stake?
 Must you not by mean lyes invade
 To-morrow's duns from every trade?
 By promises so often paid,
 Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?

By

Must you not pitifully fawn,
 To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
 This must be done. In debts of play
 Your honour suffers no delay;
 And not this year's and that year's rent
 The sons of rapine can content.

Look round. The wrecks of play behold
 Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!
 Their owners not to jail confin'd,
 Show equal poverty of mind.
 Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,
 Too late attempt to learn their trade.
 Some for the folly of one hour,
 Become the dirty tools of pow'r,
 And, with the mercenary list,
 Upon court-charity subsist.

You'll find at last this maxim true,
 Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

The forest (a whole cent'ry's shade)
 Must be one wasteful ruin made:
 No mercy's shown to age or kind,
 The gen'ral massacre is sign'd;
 The park too shares the dreadful fate,
 For duns grow louder at the gate.

The

Stern clowns, obedient to the squire,
 What will not barb'rous hands for hire?)
 With brawny arms repeat the stroke;
 Fall'n are the elm and rev'rend oak;
 Through the long wood loud axes found,
 And echo groans with every wound.
 To see the desolation spread,
 Pan drops a tear and hangs his head;
 His bosom now with fury burns,
 Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns;
 Cards too, in peevish passion torn,
 The sport of whirling winds are borne.

To snails invet'rate hate I bear,
 Who spoil the verdure of the year;
 The caterpillar I detest,
 The blooming spring's voracious pest,
 The locust too, whose rav'nous band
 Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.
 But what are these? The dice's throw
 At once hath laid a forest low:
 The cards are dealt, the bett is made,
 And the wide park hath lost its shade.
 Thus in the kingdom's pride defac'd,
 And all its ancient glories waste.

All

All this, he cries, is Fortune's doing,
 'Tis thus she meditates my ruin ;
 By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,
 More havock in one hour is made,
 Than all the hungry insect race,
 Combin'd, can in an age deface.

Fortune, by chance, who near him past,
 O'erheard the vile aspersions cast.

Why, Pan, says he, what's all this rant ?
 'Tis ev'ry country bubble's cant,
 Am I the patroness of vice ?
 Is't I who cog or palm the dice ?
 Did I the shuffling art reveal,
 To mark the cards, or range the deal ?
 In all th' employments men pursue,
 I mind the least what gamesters do.
 There may, if computation's just,
 One now and then my conduct trust ;
 I blame the fool ; for what can I,
 When ninety nine my power defy ?
 These trust alone their finger ends,
 And not one stake on me depends.
 When'er the gaming-board is set,
 Two classes of mankind are met ;

But

But if we count the greedy race,
 The knaves fill up the greater space,
 'Tis a gross error held in schools,
 That fortune always favours fools :
 In play it never bears dispute ;
 That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute,
 Then why to me such rancour show ?
 'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.
 By me his late estate he won,
 But he by Folly was undone.



FABLE XIII.

PLUTUS, CUPID, *and* TIME.

OF all the burdens man must bear,
 Time seems most galling and severe:
 Beneath his grievous load oppress'd,
 We daily meet some friend distress'd.
 What can one do? I rose at nine.
 'Tis full six hours before we dine:
 Six hours! no earthly thing to do!
 Would I had doz'd in bed till two.

A pamphlet is before him spread,
 And almost half a page is read;
 Tir'd with the study of the day,
 The flutt'ring sheets are toss'd away.
 He opens his snuff-box, hums an air,
 Then yawns and stretches in his chair.

Not twenty by the minute-hand!
 Good Gods, says he, my watch must stand!
 How muddling 'tis on books to pore!
 I thought I'd read an hour or more.

The

The morning, of all hours, I hate,
One cant' contrive to rise too late.

To make the minutes faster run,
Then too his tiresome self to shun,
To the next coffee-house he speeds,
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.
Saunt'ring from chair to chair he trails,
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails :
He spies a partner of his woe ;
By chat afflictions lighter grow,
Each others grievances they share,
And thus their dreadful hours compare.

Says Tom, since all men must confess,
That time lies heavy more or less ;
Why should it be so hard to get,
'Till two, a party at piquet ?
Play might relieve the lagging morn :
By cards long wintry nights are borne.
Does not quadrille amuse the fair,
Night after night, throughout the year ?
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play
They cheat uncounted hours away.

My case, says Will, then must be hard,
By want of skill from play debarr'd.

R

Courtier

Courtiers kill time by various ways;
 Dependance wears out half their days.
 How happy those whose time ne'er stands,
 Attendance takes it off their hands.
 Were it not for this cursed show'r.
 The park had whil'd away an hour.
 At court, without or place or view,
 I daily lose an hour or two :
 It fully answers my design,
 When I have pick'd up friends to dine.
 The tavern makes our burden light ;
 Wine puts our time and care to flight.
 At six, hard case ! they call to pay.
 Where can one go ? I hate the play.
 From six till ten ! Unless I sleep.
 One cannot spend the hours so cheap,
 The comedy's no sooner done,
 But some assembly is begun.
 Loit'ring from room to room I stray,
 Converse, but nothing hear or say ;
 Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam,
 So soon ! I dread the thoughts of home.
 From thence, to quicken slow-pac'd night,
 Again my tavern friends invite ;
 Here too our early mornings pass,
 Till drowsy sleep retards the glass.

Thus

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,
And make each others case their own.

Consider, friends, no hour rolls on,
But something of your grief is gone.
Were you to schemes of business bred,
Did you the paths of learning tread,
Your hours, your days, would fly too fast;
You'd then regret the minute past;
Time's fugitive and light as wind:
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:
That load from off your spirits shake.
You'll own and grieve for your mistake.
Awhile your thoughtless spleen suspend,
Then read; and if you can, attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace,
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,
'Tis recollection sets 'em right;
For each knew 'tother but by sight.
After some complimentary talk,
Time met 'em, bow'd, and join'd their walk.
Their chat on various subjects ran,
But most, what each had done for man.

Plutus assumes a haughty air,
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

Let kings, said he, let coblers tell,
Whose gifts among mankind excel.
Consider courts: What draws their train?
Think you 'tis loyalty or gain;
That statesman hath the strongest hold
Whose tool of politics is gold:
By that, of former reigns, 'tis said,
The knave in power hath senates led;
By that alone he sway'd debates,
Enrich'd himself and beggar'd states.
Forego your boast. You must conclude
That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.
Think too what in a woeful plight
That wretch must live whose pocket's light:
Are not his hours by want deprest:
Penurious care corrodes his breast:
Without respect, or love, or friends,
His solitary day descends.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts,
My knowledge too in human hearts,
Should I the power of gold dispute,
Which great examples might confute,

I know when nothing else prevails,
 Persuasive money seldom fails:
 That beauty too, like other wares.
 Its price as well as conscience, bears.
 Then marriage, as of late profess,
 Is but a money-job at best:
 Consent, compliance may be sold,
 But love's beyond the price of gold.
 Smugglers there are who by retail,
 Expose what they call Love to sale:
 Such bargains are an arrant cheat;
 You purchase flatt'ry and deceit,
 Those who true love have ever try'd,
 (The common cares of life supply'd)
 No wants endure, no wishes make,
 But ev'ry real joy partake:
 All comfort on themselves depends,
 They want nor power, or wealth, nor friends:
 Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store,
 'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more:
 Each other ev'ry wish they give,
 Not to know love, is not to live.
 Or love, or money, Time reply'd,
 Were men the question to decide,
 Would bear the prize; on both intent
 My boon's neglected or mis-pent.

Tis I who measure vital space,
 And deal out years to human race :
 Though little priz'd and seldom fought,
 Without me, love and gold are nought!
 How does the miser time employ ?
 Did I e'er see him life enjoy ;
 By me forfook, the hoards he won
 Are scatter'd by his lavish son.
 By me all useful hearts he gain'd,
 Wealth, learning, wisdom is attain'd.
 Who then would think, since such my pow'r
 That e'er I knew an idle hour ?
 So subtle and so swift I fly,
 Love's not more fugitive than I.
 Who has not heard coquetts complain
 Of days, months, years, mispent in vain ?
 For time mis-us'd they pine and waste,
 And loves sweet pleasures never taste.
 Those who direct their time aright,
 If love or wealth their hopes excite,
 In each pursuit, fit hours employ'd,
 And by time have been enjoy'd.
 How heedless then are mortals grown !
 How little is their int'rest known ?
 In every view they ought to mind me,
 For when once lost they never find me.

He

He spoke. The Gods no more contest,
And his superior gift confess,
That time, when truly understood,
Is the most precious earthly good.



FABLE XIV.

*The OWL, the SWAN, the COCK, the
SPIDER, the ASS, and the FARMER.*

TO A MOTHER.



CONVERSING with your sprightly boys
Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note !

I grant in body and in mind,
Nature appears profusely kind.
Trust not to that. Act your part ;
Imprint just morals on their heart ;
Impartially their talents scan ;
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps

Perhaps, their genius yet unknown,
 Each lot of life's already thrown;
 That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
 The last assert the church's right.
 I censure not the fond intent;
 But how precarious is th' event;
 By talents misapply'd and crost,
 Consider all your sons are lost.
 One day, the tale's by Martial penn'd,
 A father thus address'd his friend,
 To train my boy, and call forth sense,
 You know I've stuck at no expence;

I've try'd him in the several arts,
 (The lad no doubt hath latent parts)
 Yet trying all he nothing knows,
 But crab-like rather backward goes.
 Teach me what yet remains undone:
 'Tis your advice shall fix my son.
 Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;
 Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
 Make him, nor think his genius checkt,
 A herald or an architect.

Perhaps, as commonly 'tis kuown,
 He heard th' advice, and took his own.

The

The boy wants wit ; he's sent to school,
 Where learning but improves the fool:
 The college next must give him parts,
 And cram him with the lib'ral arts.
 Whether he blunders at the bar,
 Or owes his infamy to war,
 Or if by licence or degree
 The sexton shares the doctor's fee,
 Or from the pulpit by the hour
 He weekly floods of nonsense pour,
 We find th' intent of nature foil'd,
 A taylor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus the ministers have royal boons
 Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons :
 In spite of nature, merit, wit,
 Their friends for ev'ry post were fit.

But now let ev'ry muse confess,
 That merit finds its due success ;
 Th' example of our days regard ;
 Where's virtue seen without reward ?
 Distinguish'd and in place you find
 Desert and worth of ev'ry kind.
 Survey the rev'rend bench, and see
 Religion, learning, piety :

The

The patron, ere he recommends,
 Sees his own image in his friends,
 Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?
 What i'st to us what was before?

We all of times corrupt have heard,
 When paltry minions were preferr'd;
 When all great offices by dozens,
 Were fill'd by brothers, sons, and cousins,
 What matter ignorance and pride?
 The man was happily ally'd.
 Provided that his clerk was good,
 What though he nothing understood?
 In church and state, the sorry race
 Grew more conspicuous fools in place,
 Such heads, as then a treaty made,
 Had bungled in the coblers trade.

Consider, patrons, that such elves
 Expose your folly with themselves.
 'Tis yours, as 'tis the parents' care,
 To fix each genius in its sphere.
 Your partial hand can wealth dispense,
 But never give a blockhead sense.

An Owl of magesterial air,
 Of solemn voice, of brow austere,
 Assum'd the pride of human race,
 And bore his wisdom in his face.
 Not to depreciate learned eyes,
 I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn from noise retir'd
 He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd,
 And like an ancient sage conceal'd
 The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,
 Their country's youth to science bred,
 Their manners form'd for ev'ry station,
 And destin'd each his occupation.
 When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,
 Retreated and a people sav'd,
 That laurel was not all his own,
 The plant by Socrates was sown.
 To Aristotle's greater name
 The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

The Athenian bird, with pride replete,
 Their talents equal'd in conceit ;

And

And, copying the Socratic rule,
 Set up for master of a school.
 Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,
 Trite sentences, hard terms of art,
 To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,
 They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame : the crouded place
 With pupils swarm'd of ev'ry race.
 With these the Swan's maternal care
 Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir :
 The Hen, though fond and loth to part,
 Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :
 The spider, of mechanic kind,
 Aspir'd to science more refin'd :
 The Ass learnt metaphors and tropes,
 But most on music fix'd his hopes.
 The pupils now advanc'd in age,
 Were call'd to tread life's busy stage ;
 And to the master 'twas submitted,
 That each might to his part be fitted.

The Swan, says he, in arms shall shine,
 The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The

The Cock shall mighty wealth attain :
Go, seek it on the stormy main.

The court shall be the Spider's sphere ;
Pow'r, fortune, shall reward him there.

In music's art the Afs's fame
Shall emulate Correlli's name.

Each took the part that he advis'd,
And all were equally despis'd,
A Farmer at his folly mov'd,
The dull preceptor thus reprov'd.

Blockhead, says he, by what you've done,
One would have thought 'em each your son,
For parents to their offspring blind,
Consult not parts nor turn of mind ;
But ev'n in infancy decree
What this, what t'other son shall be.
Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,
Their genius thus had fix'd their place :
The Swan had learnt the sailor's art ;
The Cock had play'd the soldier's part ;
The Spider in the weaver's trade
With credit had a fortune made :
But for the fool in every class
The blockhead had appear'd an Afs.

FABLE XV.

*The COOK-MAID, the TURNSPIT,
and the Ox.*

TO A POOR MAN.



CONSIDER man in every sphere ;
Then tell me, is your lot severe ?
'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,
That makes you wretched. God is just.

I grant that hunger must be fed,
That toil too earns thy daily bread.
What then ? thy wants are seen and known ?
But every mortal feels his own.
We're born a restless needy crew :
Shew me the happier man than you.
Adam, though blest'd above his kind,
For want of social woman pin'd :
Eve's wants, the subtle serpent saw ;
Her fickle taste transgress'd the law ;
Thus fell our fires ; and their disgrace
The curse entail'd on human race.

When

When Philip's son, by glory led
 Had o'er the globe his empire spread ;
 When altars to his name were drest,
 That he was man his tears confest.
 That hopes of avarice are checkt ;
 The proud man always wants respect.
 What various wants on power attend ?
 Ambition never gains its end.
 Who hath not heard the rich complain
 Of surfeits and corporeal pain ?
 He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
 Envies the plowman's strength and health,
 Another in a beauteous wife
 Finds all the miseries of life ;
 Domestic jars and jealous fear
 Embitter all his days with care.
 This wants an heir ; the line is lost :
 Why was that vain entail engrost ?
 Canst thou discern another's mind,
 What is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
 Tell envy, when she would annoy,
 That thousands want what you enjoy.

The dinner must be dish'd at one,
 Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone ?

Unless the skulking cur is caught,
 The fir-loin's spoil'd and I'm in fault.
 Thus said ; (for sure you'll think it fit,
 That I the Cook-maids oaths omit)
 With all the fury of a cook,
 Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook ;
 The broom-stick o'er her head she waves
 She swears, she stamps, she puffs she raves,
 The sneaking cur before her flies,
 She whistles, calls, fair speech she tries,
 These nought avail : her choler burns,
 The fist and cudgel threat by turns.
 With hasty stride she presses near,
 He flinks aloof, and howls with fear.

Was ever cur so curs'd, he cry'd,
 What star did at my birth preside ;
 Am I for life by compact bound
 To tread the wheels eternal round !
 Inglorious task ? Of all our race
 No slave is half so mean and base,
 Had fate a kinder lot assign'd,
 And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,
 I then in higher life employ'd,
 Had indolence and ease enjoy'd,

And

And like a gentleman carest,
 Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.
 Or were I sprung from spaniel line,
 Was his sagacious nostril mine,
 By me, their never erring guide,
 From wood and plain their feast supply'd,
 Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,
 Had shar'd the pleasures of the chase,
 Endu'd with native strength and fire,
 Why call'd I not the lion fire!
 A lion! such mean views I scorn,
 Why was I not of woman born?
 Who dares with reason's pow'r contend?
 On man we brutal slaves depend;
 To him all creatures tribute pay,
 And luxury employs his day.

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,
 And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone.

Dare you at partial fate repine?
 How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!
 Decreed to toil the barb'rous knife
 Hath sever'd me from social life;
 Urg'd by the stimulating goad,
 I drag the cumbrous waggon's load;

'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,
 Break the stiff soil and house the grain,
 Yet I without a murmur bear
 The various labours of the year;
 But then consider that one day,
 (Perhaps the hour, s not far away)
 You by the duties of your post,
 Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;
 And for reward shall share the feast,
 I mean shall pick my bones at least.

'Till now th' astonish'd cur replies,
 I look'd on all with envious eyes;
 How false we judg by what appears!
 All creatures feel their sev'ral cares,
 If thus yon mighty beast complains,
 Perhaps man knows superior pains.
 Let envy then no more torment,
 Think on the Ox, and learn content.

Thus said, close following at her heel,
 With chearful heart he mounts the wheel.

FABLE XVI.

*The RAVENS, the SEXTON, and the
EARTHWORM.*

TO LAURA.

~~~~~

L AURA, methinks you're over nice,  
True. Flatt'ry is a shocking vice ;  
Yet sure, when'er the praise is just,  
One may commend without disgust.  
Am I a priviledge deni'd,  
Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beside?  
How singular are all your ways ;  
A woman and averse to praise!  
If'tis offence such truths to tell,  
Why do your merits thus excel?

Since then I dare not speak my mind,  
A truth conspicuous to mankind ;  
Though in full lustre ev'ry grace  
Distinguish your celestial face,  
Though beauties of inferior ray  
(Like stars before the orb of day)

Turn



Turn pale and fade : I check my lays,  
Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,  
The muse's mortifying strain  
Shall like a woman, in mere spright  
Set beauty in a moral light.

Tho' such revenge might shock the ear  
Of many a celebrated fair ;  
I mean that superficial race  
Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,  
What's that to you ? I but displease  
Such ever-girlish ears as these.  
Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,  
That lasts the same through ev'ry stage.  
Though you by time must suffer more  
Than ever woman lost before,  
To age is such indifference shown,  
As if your face was not your own.  
Were you by Antonius taught,  
Or is it native strength of thought,  
That thus, without concern or fright,  
You view yourself by reason's light.

Those

Those eyes of so divine a ray,  
 What are they? mould'ring, mortal clay.  
 Those features, cast in heavenly mould,  
 Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;  
 Like common grass the fairest flow'r  
 Must feel the hoary season's pow'r.

How weak, how vain is human pride?  
 Dares man upon himself confide?  
 The wretch, who glories in his gain,  
 Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.  
 Why lose we life in anxious cares  
 Or lay in hoards for future years?  
 Can those, when tortur'd by disease,  
 Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease;  
 Can those prolong one gasp of breath,  
 Or calm the troubled hour of death.  
 What's beauty! Call ye that your own,  
 A flower that fades as soon as blown?  
 What's man in all his boast of sway;  
 Perhaps the tyrant of a day.

Alike the laws of life take place  
 Through every branch of human race;  
 The monarch of long regal line  
 Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine:

Can

Can he pour health into his veins,  
 Or cool the fever's restless pains ?  
 Can he worn down in nature's course ?  
 New-brace his feeble nerves with force ?  
 Can he, how vain is mortal pow'r ;  
 Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour ?

Consider, man, weigh well thy frame ;  
 The king, the beggar is the same.  
 Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,  
 Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew  
 That in the lonely church-yard grew,  
 Two Ravens sate. In solemn croak  
 Thus one his hungry friend bespoke.  
 Methinks I scent some rich repast :  
 The favour strengthens with the blast,  
 Snuff then ; the promis'd feast inhale,  
 I taste the carcase in the gale.  
 Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed  
 From toil and daily drudg'ry freed  
 Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat !  
 To birds of taste delicious meat.

A sexton busy at his trade,  
 To hear their chat suspends his spade :  
 Death struck him with no farther thought,  
 Than merely as the fees he brought.  
 Was ever two such blund'ring fowls,  
 In brains and manners less than owls !  
 Blockheads, says he, learn more respect,  
 Know ye on whom you thus reflect.  
 In this same grave (who does me right,  
 Must own the work is strong and tight)  
 The squire that yon fair hall possessest,  
 To night shall lay his bones at rest.  
 Whence could the gross mistake proceed  
 The squire was somewhat fat indeed,  
 What then? the meanest bird of prey  
 Such want of sense could ne'er betray,  
 For sure some difference must be found  
 (Suppose the swelling organ found)  
 In carcases say what we can,  
 Or where's the dignity of man ?

With due respect to human race  
 The Raven, undertook the case.  
 In such similitude of scent,  
 Man ne'er could think reflection meant.

As

As Epicures extol a treat,  
 And seem'd their fav'ry words to eat,  
 They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,  
 The ven'son of the prescient brood.

The Sexton's indignation mov'd,  
 The mean comparison reprov'd ;  
 Their undiscerning palate blam'd.  
 Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side  
 The want of argument supply'd.  
 They rail, revile : As often ends  
 The contest of disputing friends.

Hold says the fowl since human pride  
 With confutation ne'er comply'd,  
 Let's state the case and then refer  
 The knotty point : for taste may err.

As thus he spoke, from out the mould  
 An Earth-worm, huge of size unroll'd  
 His monstrous length. They strait agree  
 To chuse him as their referee.  
 So to th' experience of his jaws  
 Each states the merits of the cause.

He

He paus'd and with a solemn tone  
Thus made his sage opinion known.

On carcases of every kind  
This maw hath elegantly din'd  
Provok'd by luxury or need,  
On beast or fowl or man I feed ;  
Such small distinction's in the favour,  
By turns I chuse the fancy'd flavour ;  
Yet I must own, that human beast,  
A glutton is the rankest feast.  
Man cease this boast for human pride  
Hath various tracts to range beside.  
The prince who kept the world in awe,  
The judge whose dictates fix'd the law,  
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,  
Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.  
Then think not what we reptiles share  
Such cates such elegance of fare ;  
The only true and real good  
Of, man was never vermin's food.  
'Tis seated in the immortal mind ;  
Virtue distinguishes mankind.  
And that as yet ne'er harbour'd here,  
Mounts with the soul we know not where.



So good-man Sexton since the case  
 Appears with such a dubious face,  
 To neither I the case determine,  
 For diff'rent tastes please different vermin.

